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LITTLE JOURNEYS TO SCOTLAND AND IRELAND

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LITTLE JOURNEYS TO SCOTLAND AND IRELAND

FOR INTERMEDIATE AND UPPER GRADES

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A Little Journey to Scotland.

Of the three countries which go to make up Great Britain, we see that Scotland is the smallest. It is so irregular in shape that it looks somewhat like a torn piece of lace. It lies just north of England, and is separated from it by the Cheviot Hills and the Tweed River. Scotland has seven hundred islands scattered around its coast, some of them stretching far up toward the Arctic Circle.

It has many large inlets or bays, called *firths*, running into the land. The largest towns of Scotland are built on or near these firths, for it is convenient to have a waterway as well as a railway for the transportation of merchandise.

On going over England, and especially when standing here and there on the summit of a tower, we can see ever so much of the country. We observe, on the whole, that, except for a few hills and low mountains, the country is flat or rolling. Now, as compared with England, Scotland has a far greater variety of landscape. There are desolate moors, fertile valleys, picturesque lakes, and rugged, lofty mountains.

We notice that the upper part of Scotland is mountainous, and the lower part almost level. The moun-

tainous part is called the Highlands, and the level lands to the south, the Lowlands. There are great barren moors in northern Scotland where nothing but garse and heather grow.

A ROSE AMONG THE HEATHER.

The heather is a small shrub that bears purplish pink flowers. A field in bloom is a beautiful sight, but the moor in winter is the most desolate place one can imagine. The Scotch people are as fond of their heather as the Irish are of their shamrock.

These moors abound in snipe and grouse, and afford fine hunting grounds for sportsmen. They are rented by wealthy men, who come from all over Great Britain during the shooting season in autumn. Many of the great forests are kept as deer parks, for deer stalking is a favorite sport among the rich.

Scotland has many beautiful lakes and rivers that abound in trout and salmon, and many business and professional men from the cities come to the Highlands to spend their vacations or holidays fishing.

Beyond the Grampians is a narrow valley called the Glenmore. It is composed of four locks or lakes joined

together by what is called the Caledonian Canal. This canal was made by the government, so that large vessels might pass into the Atlantic through the middle of Scotland instead of going around by way of the Pentland Firth.

PROGRESS IN TRAVEL.

In 1763 a stage coach ran, once a month, between Edinburgh and London. And from fifteen to eighteen days were needed to make the journey. Even a hundred years ago a week was required. Further, there were so many dangers on the way that, before starting, a man would arrange his affairs and make his will.

Now, when we start from London, we have the choice of a number of routes. We can go either by sea or by rail to Edinburgh, or we can take one of the several railway lines which cross the border and go to some other place.

Edinburgh, being an unusually fine city, is, in the opinion of many travellers, the most beautiful city they have ever seen. Should we go there first we fear that we may be disappointed in the other cities. Therefore, we start for Glasgow, which is the commercial city of Scotland.

Today, we go either to Edinburgh or to Glasgow in a modern train. It speeds at the rate of from forty to fifty miles an hour, and in eight and a half to ten hours we reach our destination. We pay for our tickets in shillings and pence—the money that is used throughout Great Britain. At first we find much trouble in trying to count it, for this is never

easy in countries where the decimal system is not used. But, when we have at last learned to make change quickly, we enjoy buying things without showing ignorance or slowness.

Often we became tired and worn out by some of the jolting cars in England; so now, on entering a Pullman car with a dining car attached, we give a sigh of relief and delight. Soon we are off for Glasgow and most comfortable. We watch through the windows so that nothing may escape notice.

GLASGOW.

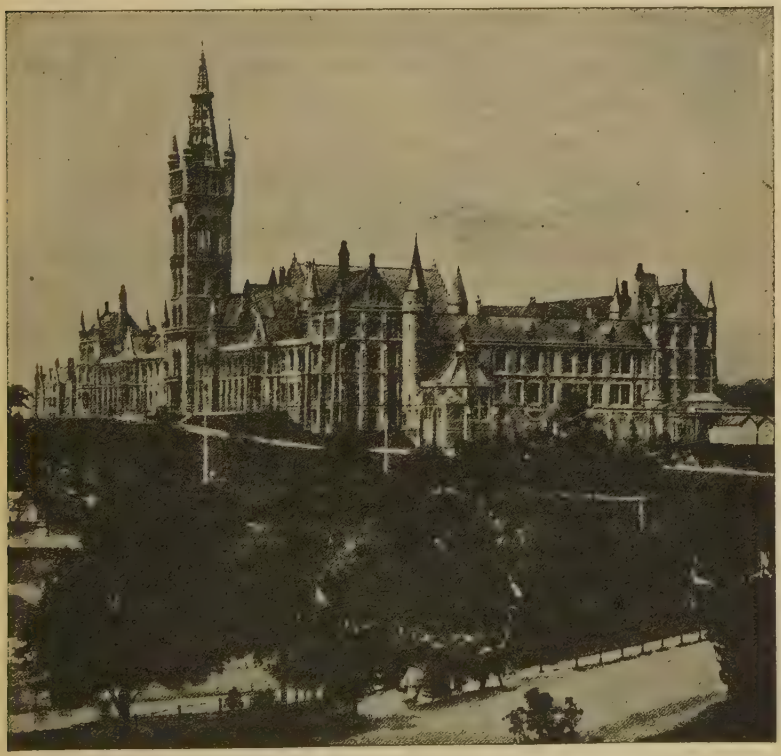
We arrive in Glasgow and are soon in a most pleasant and comfortable family hotel. We have regular breakfasts of good, solid food instead of the make-believe ones of rolls and coffee that are served in many countries.

Through the windows, while waiting for a carriage, we notice many people on the street. The men look hardy but not handsome. They move along with energy, as if there was work to be done and they felt like doing it. Most of the faces wear a serious look. Everybody is orderly because self-respecting. Glasgow is one of the best governed cities in the world.

The town is smoky and dingy because of its chemical works and many factories. One of the chemical works covers twelve acres and is the largest in the world. We visit first the cathedral, the finest in all Scotland, and then the famous university, the library and the well-built schools.

We drive over well-kept streets, by elegant homes, and through the humbler parts where the factory

people live. Many have good homes that are well supplied with pure water. Indeed, all of the water supplying Glasgow comes through pipes from Loch Katrine, where it is pure and clear. The workmen can ride long distances in the street cars for two cents.



GLASGOW UNIVERSITY

Of course Glasgow has hospitals, orphan asylums, and asylums of other kinds—such as are in all cities. But we find one that is entirely new to us—a home for widowers and their children.

The most interesting places to see are the famous harbor and docks. Only fifty years ago the Clyde River was no wider than three of our streets would be, could they be placed side by side in a row. The water of the river was so shallow that a boy eight years of age could wade across it without wetting his hair. And yet they called the Clyde a river!

More room and deeper water was needed, so the city put large numbers of men to work. They cut away the banks and dredged the stream's bottom. And they never stopped until they had made a real river that amounted to something.

Today the Clyde is about three times as wide as it once was. Vessels with a draught of twenty-eight feet or more can steam along in safety and with no fear of going aground.

Instead of the former narrow, shallow stream that was good for little, the amount of water surface is now equal to one of our many American farms of one hundred and sixty acres. In order to recall this fact we may think of a farm that is just this size.

All this work cost a large sum of money—many millions of dollars—but what a convenience is the result—and how useful! During every year about 12,000 vessels enter the harbor. We should not be surprised at this when we consider that Glasgow, with a population of perhaps 850,000, is the most alive, the largest, the greatest commercial, and, next to Edinburgh, the most important city in Scotland.

Fast sailing river boats and many of the ocean greyhounds are built here, as well as nearly two-thirds of all Great Britain's ships. If two-thirds are not en-

tirely built here, two-thirds at least are furnished with engines at Glasgow.

We remember how, when James Watt was a small boy, he watched the steam pouring from his mother's teakettle. He thought it would be fun to stop up the spout, but he soon saw the plug shoot out into the air. Then, when he drove it in tighter, it was flung to even a greater distance. Being a thoughtful boy, James reasoned that there must have been some power to force this plug out, and further, that this power must have been the steam.

So it was he who discovered the power and some of the uses of steam. He kept on trying to see what he could do with it until, by the time he was twenty-seven, he succeeded in building the first steam engine. Of course it was a most simple engine, but it was the beginning of our wonderful ones that, in their work, seem almost human—for they act as if they have brains, hands, and feet. We wonder what Watt would think could he now return to Glasgow, the city near which he was born. Would not his heart swell with pride and amazement?

We go into the shipyards and are greeted by deafening noise. There are buzzing saws, ringing anvils, clattering mallets, and steam-driven hammers. We see boats in all stages of building—from skeleton frames to ships that are finished in every detail. These ships are strong and staunch in every part—fitted for visiting every clime and for the buffeting waves and winds of violent storms.

A fine, large ocean liner is just ready to be launched. The water has been let into the dry dock until it has

risen to the proper height. The signal is given. The props, or cradle as they are called, fall. The last support is gone. The ship trembles, slips down into the water and there, as if alive, proudly glides on and out to sea.

We recall Longfellow's "Building of the Ship," in which he so well describes the launching:

> "She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
> The thrill of life along her keel,
> And, spurning with her foot the ground,
> With one exulting, joyous bound,
> She leaps into the ocean's arms."

The launching of a ship at the present day is most exciting. So, when the first steam-vessel was launched on the Clyde, it was fitting that it should be the first successful steamer tried in the part of the world where Watt was born. It was named the Comet, which was not a good name, for the little boat had but a three horse power engine.

As it moved along, we can fancy the people walking by its side and thinking it a wonder. This was in 1812. We should not forget the date, for, at that time, something even more exciting was going on in our own country. How many of us recall what it was?

Something unusual, too, was taking place in our country in 1776. Surely we remember this, as the war, strange to say, affected the most important business in Glasgow. It may seem odd when Scotland and America are so far apart, and when the two countries were so little related, that we could influence Glasgow—but such was the case.

At that time the tobacco traffic was the chief one in Glasgow. For forty years she had also been making linens, lawns and cambrics. The war injured the tobacco traffic, so Glasgow began in earnest to manufacture cotton goods.

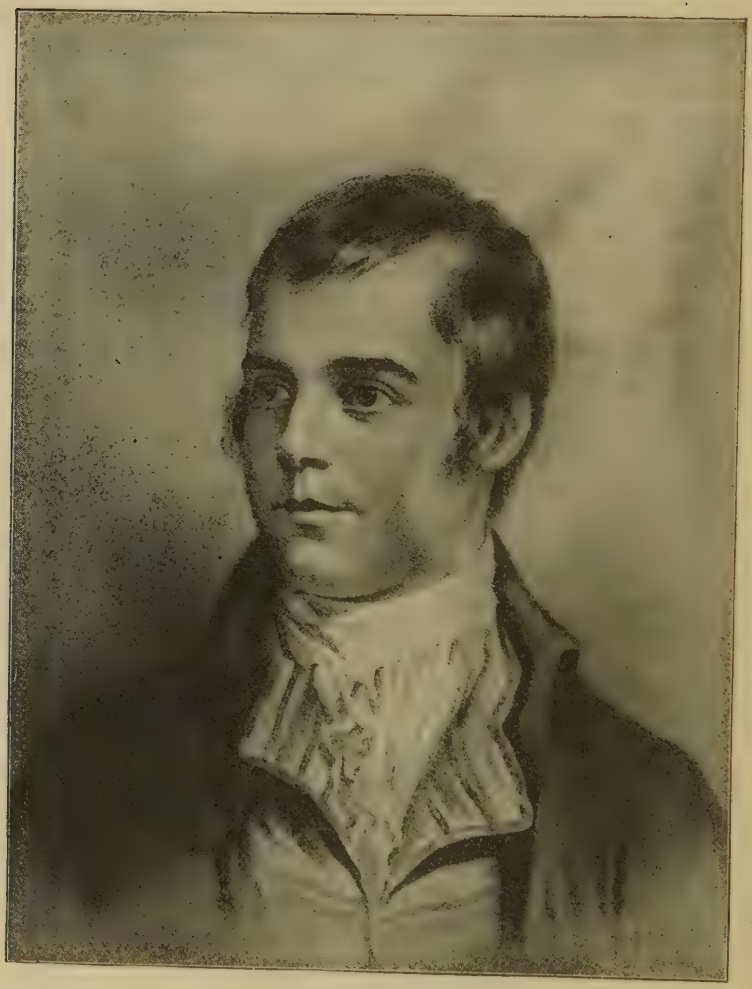
Besides the Clyde, there are here a number of canals and streams. Scattered along these waterways, which lead to Glasgow, there are towns and villages containing more factories than we can count. There are thousands of furnaces whose chimneys—hundreds of feet in height—are in such numbers that they look like giant trees stripped of leaves.

In some of these towns we may see the bleaching and dyeing of calico, the making of thread, the weaving of woolen goods—and Scotch plaids of course—dainty lawns, linens, cambrics and rich silks. We are interested in Paisley as the home of the Paisley shawl. We remember the one that grandmother wore and so highly prized that, when not in use, it was carefully folded away.

With comfortable homes and good food, the naturally strong Scots are kept healthy and stout. So, with these brawny men to work, and an abundance of material at the great iron and steel works, it does not surprise us that Glasgow is the one city that leads the world in shipbuilding.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

We have long had in mind a visit to the birth-place and the early home of Scotland's most loved poet—Robert Burns, and when we find it is but forty-five miles southwest of Glasgow, at Ayr, we plan for a day there.



ROBERT BURNS.

We are by no means alone, for so many other tourists seem to be of the same notion that the train is well filled. As it stops at the station, and all get off, one might think there was some especial attraction in

the little town. So there is, and such an attraction as is not often known. Just what makes the town and neighborhood so interesting, is the fact that Robert Burns lived here and wrote some of his delightful verses here.

His charming poems about birds, flowers, fields, trees, and his fellow man, are so simple and sweet that they are prized by every one. He wrote from his heart in a tender, loving way—just as others have thought and felt—only they have not known how to put their thoughts and feelings into poetry. Nothing was too humble to escape his notice and interest—not even a mouse's nest, or a daisy, the "wee, tipped, crimson flower" that was turned up by his plow. We hurry on to see the home of Robert Burns.

"Machine, sir?" call out men, who mean that they have carriages for hire. We step into a carriage and drive out into the country over a well-kept macadamized road. On each side, as a fence, is a low stone wall. Here and there trees almost form arches overhead.

"The home of our poet," says the driver, with love and pride in his voice, as he stops his horse. We enter the humble, thatched, clay cottage, containing two rooms. The flagstone floors are kept perfectly clean, although every year no less than 30,000 visitors walk over them. This year the number has been more than 38,000. In the corner of one of the plain rooms is an old-fashioned curtained bed that may be the one upon which Robert Burns was born.

We can imagine what his early life in this home must have been from a poem Burns has written—

"The Cotter's Saturday Night." Robert was the oldest of seven children. His father was so poor that he owned no ground, and therefore lived on seven acres of rented land. From the time that he was a small child Robert had to work hard, and when only fifteen had to do the work of a man. Yet, with so much work, he never lost the sweet, happy disposition that he inherited from his mother.

BURNS' BIRTHPLACE.

The father believed that the more children knew the better it would be for them. So he and his wife did without many needed things, and sent their children to school until they were better educated than their little friends. The family was fond of reading. Each member would keep a book on the table and read in his turn during the simple meals.

Less than three miles farther on is the old bridge, of which he has spoken in his poems, and not far away are the crumbling walls of little Alloway Kirk where Burns, when a boy, went to hear sermons that were several hours in length. How tired he and the other

HIGH STREET, DUMFRIES.

children must have been long before the sermon was ended!

Within a stone's throw of the bonnie Doon is the costly monument in memory of Burns, although he

died at Dumfries, where he is buried. But the monument is in exactly the right place, for Burns dearly loved "ye banks and braes" (slopes) of the little bubbling river.

At Edinburgh, where Burns lived for a number of years, he was invited to the home of Dr. Ferguson to meet other noted men. During the visit they were looking at a picture of a dead soldier lying in the snow. On one side was a dog, and on the other the soldier's wife with a child in her arms. Tears at once came into the eyes of Burns. He asked questions, but no one could tell him much about the picture or who had written the lines on the margin.

One of the guests was a lame boy sixteen years of age. He gave Burns not only the name of the poet but also the name of the poem. Burns looked at him, and then, partly in fun and partly in earnest said, "You'll be a man yet, sir." Burns was right, too, for the boy was afterwards to become known all over the world where the English language is spoken. He became no other than Sir Walter Scott.

A STEAMER TRIP TO OBAN.

At seven o'clock the next morning after our return from Ayr we go aboard the "Columba," the finest river steamer which we have seen east of New York. We are due at Oban in nine hours. Other steamers are slower. The distance to Oban is but one hundred and twenty miles. So it would seem we should arrive there sooner. We are delayed, however, on account of the round-about way we go. We steam by vessels which fly flags of many countries—and among them

our own—the sight of which always sends a little thrill to our hearts.

We pass by Elerslie, where the hero William Wallace was born. A little later we stop at Greenock, the birthplace of James Watt. At this point passengers come on board who, not caring to get up so early as we did, saved time by coming from Glasgow on the cars.

Gradually the river widens. We pick up and let off passengers at various places and soon are entering the Crinan Canal. The canal is but nine miles in length, yet it takes two hours to pass through it. We enjoy the trip because of the lovely scenery and also because it is to us a new way of travel. Much of the canal seems like a river. When we stop at a lock the steamer is up high. As the water is lowered by opening the gates, the steamer goes down with it. Now we can step from the deck onto the canal wall.

From the canal the Columba goes up the Firth of Lorn and out into the lovely bay of Oban. We catch the swell of the Atlantic and so are not sorry to land at the pier of Oban.

There are ever so many yachts and steamers in the harbor. Oban is crescent in shape and nestles at the foot of hills. Opposite is the island of Kerera. The bay is not only a delight to the eye but is an excellent harbor. Almost hidden is Oban—this busy little town of 5,000 souls. There are so many steamers and trains coming and going that Oban is called the "Charing Cross of the Highlands."

About three miles from Oban was the "stone of destiny," upon which the Scottish kings were crowned.

This stone was more than once moved. The last time was many years ago, when it was taken to London by Edward I. of England, who had such long legs that his nickname was Longshanks. Since then all English sovereigns have sat on it during their coronations. We have seen the stone in the seat of the old oak chair in Westminster. Near it is the long stone coffin containing the bones of Longshanks, who must have been a tall man, for the coffin is the longest we have ever seen.

Before dinner we walk up to the top of the hill and look down over the quaint town, the rounded bay—and Kerera that seems to be trying to shut in Oban. At one end of the bay are the ruins of Dunolly Castle. Below it is a huge round stone which looks as if it was one of California's large tree stumps turned into stone. According to the story, this was the rock to which Fingal tied his dog Bran.

STAFFA AND IONA.

In another good steamer we leave Oban for an excursion to Staffa and Iona. Before us is the island of Mull, hidden in mist. There is so much rain and mist in Mull that it would not be unfair to name the island misty Mull. In the winter time frightful storms sweep over the black, frowning rocks.

To-day all is peaceful. The sun comes out and the mist disappears. There in plain view is:

> "Broad-shouldered Mull, the fairest isle that spreads
> Its green folds to the sun in Celtic seas."

The puffing steamer passes into the Sound of Mull, which separates it from the mainland. The sound is

from one to two miles in width. First on one side and then on the other we see historic castles. These were occupied by the Lords of the Isles. One of them, Duart Castle, was the chief home of the Macleans, who formed one of the strongest clans, that is, tribes, in

From a painting by Thomas Faed. THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

western Scotland. All along here is laid the scene of one of Scott's novels, "Lords of the Isles."

We should like to go through these castles, and then read the novel about them. But, without stopping, we

go on until we arrive at Tobermory. This is the only village of note in Mull. It is small and devoted to fishing.

As we look toward the north, the isle of Skye is in plain sight. Skye has the finest scenery of all the western islands. But it takes more time than we can spare to go there. If we should go, we should, perhaps, be sea-sick, because the passage is such a rough one.

In Skye there lived a race of pipers. They played so well that they had a school where pupils were taught to play on their little musical instruments. Skye is also the home of the Skye terrier. When in Ayr we saw Ayrshire cows. So we learn from where Skye terriers and Ayrshire cows originally came.

After leaving Tobormory we turn south, see more castles, and finally arrive at Staffa. The word Staffa means island of pillars. We come to see the celebrated Fingal's Cave.

According to the legend, Fingal's Cave is the other end of the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. Two giants were to fight each other, and by this test of strength prove who was the stronger. As Fingal, the Scottish giant, could not swim, the Irish giant, with great courtesy, had this singular bridge of columns made. The pillars were set close together and were strong enough to bear the heavy weight of Fingal. At least this is the story. The bridge is still as good as ever, only it is of no use to any one because all of it—except the two ends—has sunk deep in the water.

The cave looks as if it might have been the home of the great giant, for the entrance is sixty-five feet in height. Close by, standing together, are rows and

rows of pillars from twenty to forty feet in height. These pillars or columns are slender, round, or curiously shaped by the waves ever beating upon them. Some stand upright, while others are bent so as to form arches. Reflection from the sky causes the water-covered floor to be blue in color. The Scotch consider Fingal's Cave more beautiful than the Blue Grotto of Capri.

Fingal's Cave is certainly a place for all who have eyes to see its remarkable arches and roof. It is something like a church, but a more marvelous church than was ever built by man. We feel as if we were in the presence of God. We hear a rush of sound like the lower notes of a mighty organ. As our brawny rowers take us farther and farther in, the sound increases until it crashes like thunder.

While Staffa is but a mile and a half in circumference, Fingal's Cave extends perhaps two hundred and thirty feet into the island. Besides this great cave there are smaller ones of great interest, to which we give but little time. We cannot remain long, so our rowboat takes us back to the steamer that is waiting for us. In three-quarters of an hour we are at Iona.

Again we go ashore in a small boat. Staffa is a place that attracts the eye. Both children and grown-up folks enjoy its wonders. But, to enjoy Iona, we must know something of its history, for it is in its history that Iona's chief interest lies.

People do not agree as to whether it was in 563 or 565, nor does it matter, that Saint Columba, an Irish preacher, came over from his country. He made Iona

his home, and taught religion to the people, who, until this time, hardly knew about the true God.

Saint Columba brought about much good, and other priests came over to help him.

Iona is but little more than a mile in width, and three and a half in length. And a singular-looking island it is. It is almost covered with tombs. It is what one might call an island of the past, as there are now but a few hundred people living on it. There is the fine old church of Saint Mary that, although partly in ruins, is still imposing. There are many ruins and tombs with the carvings on them still to be seen. Iona was considered sacred ground, and that was why so many kings and distinguished people were buried here.

Presently we row to the steamer and then start eastward. We keep close to the rocky shore of Mull, and in time we have gone all the way around the island. Kerera appears in sight and soon we land at Oban, after having spent a most delightful day. We rest over night at Oban, and return to Glasgow by rail and coach until we reach a landing at the head of Loch Lomond, where a little vessel with steam up is ready to start.

LOCH LOMOND.

Loch Lomond, being the pride of the Scottish lakes, is a lake that no tourist in Scotland fails to visit. In every direction there are mountain peaks. Towards the south Ben Lomond looms up. At Inversnaid we notice the bay and waterfall. They are made interesting to us on account of Wordsworth's descriptive poem of "The Highland Girl."

The town of Stonehaven is a few miles south of Aberdeen. We remember, if we draw a line on the map from Glasgow to Stonehaven, we can more clearly understand that all the country north of the line is called the Highlands and all that is south of the line is called the Lowlands.

HIGHLAND GIRL.

We land at Rowardennen, which is in the district of the Highlands, and the point where the scenery on the lake is the finest of all. From the hotel to the top of Ben Lomond—Ben meaning a peak—the distance is four miles. We mount sturdy little ponies that carry us all the way up. They patiently pick their way up winding paths, and about three hours and a half later we reach the summit.

The day is unusually clear, and all around us is remarkable scenery. We discover for ourselves that the Lowlands have a few ranges of low mountains and that the Highlands have sloping moors as well as high mountains. We see little Ayr, the castle at Stirling, and even Edinburgh castle. Glasgow is in plain view —or rather it would be, were it not for factory smoke. In the valleys we see winding rivers and ever so many lakes.

Loch Lomond, being just below and the nearest of the lakes, seems the most beautiful. It stretches along for twenty-five miles.

Below the town of Luss the lake is studded with fairy islands. Some are used as small farms and others are thickly covered with trees. On one little isle is the castle of the MacGregors. This was the home of the bold and daring Rob Roy, the outlaw, of whom Scott has told us. We are sometimes near enough to speak to farmers that are in fields sloping down to the water. Then come rough, rugged mountains.

Dr. Thomas Chalmers thought Loch Lomond so beautiful that he said he wondered if there would be a Loch Lomond in heaven. At Balloch we take the train. Before reaching Glasgow we pass through a tunnel and in a few minutes the train enters the station.

LOCH KATRINE.

There is a short way to reach Loch Katrine, but we go a longer route because we wish to be on Loch Lomond again. So once more the steamer threads its way among islands which seem to be enchanted.

At Inversnaid, coaches are waiting. We are fortunate in securing the best seat, which is beside the driver. We enjoy the crisp morning air of Rob Roy's country, while driving the five miles and a half over the smooth hard road to the lake. Lake Katrine seems like a bit of fairy land, as the steamer winds its way among wooded islands shadowed by mountains. The lake, nine miles long, is all too short. We wake up

COACHING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

from our reverie when by the island where Rob Roy kept the prisoner he was holding for ransom.

There is a large number of people on the steamer. Many of them hold in their hands Scott's "Lady of the Lake," using it as a guide book. Such a one has never been equalled in describing Loch Katrine and

the neighborhood. From time to time the tourists read descriptions, but their interest is so great at sight of Ellen's Isle,

> "Where, for retreat in dangerous hour,
> Some chief had framed a rustic bower,"

that they put the book down.

We are charmed

> "With promontory, creek and bay,
> And islands that empurpled bright,
> Float amid the livelier light.
> And mountains, that like giants stand,
> To sentinel enchanted land."

The Trosachs, which means "bristling country," is a mile from the lake. We remain here over Sunday to avoid the crowds. In quiet, we take long walks and linger in the wildest places. This portion of the country is thickly wooded and the valleys are picturesque. Altogether there are few more beautiful spots in Scotland than the broken landscape between the Trosachs and Ellen's Isle.

THE CALEDONIAN CANAL ROUTE.

We return to Glasgow, which has been our headquarters, pack our trunks, and soon find ourselves at Oban. We are about to start, through the Caledonian canal, for a visit to the Orkney and Shetland Isles.

The canal is sixty miles in length. At the northeastern end is Inverness, the capital of the Highlands. There were so many narrow and long lakes in a line between Oban and Inverness that they seemed waiting to be joined into a canal; and as they were in exactly the right line, only twenty-three miles had to be cut through to connect them.

This slice taken from Scotland forms an exceedingly large island. Should a canal be made by joining the Clyde and the Firth of Forth, Scotland would consist of almost nothing but islands.

However, the canal is a great convenience, and most useful in saving time and expense. Before it

ELLEN'S ISLE, LOCH KATRINE.
Home of the Heroine, Ellen Douglas, in Lady of the Lake.

was made, all the steamers and boats had to travel much farther, and in rough and dangerous seas. They were forced to go around the northwestern coast of Scotland.

This time, as we leave Oban, the usual blue water

in the bay and the green wooded Kerera have changed. The falling rain has dulled Kerera, has given the bay a muddy color, and has made the sky gray and lowering.

Notwithstanding the dismal morning we can afford to lose nothing. Before passing Bran's Hitching Post —the huge round rock which we have seen—we put on our mackintoshes and sit on deck in a sheltered nook. Among the many things we have lately learned is the fact that waterproof coats were first made in Glasgow by a Mr. Mackintosh. From him came the name of the coat.

We go ashore for the usual drive at Glencoe, where the clans—another name for tribes—had met at the command of the authorities in Edinburgh. The clans had promised to become loyal subjects of the government. Unknown to them, however, enemies had asked and received permission from Edinburgh to put to death every single man of the clan MacDonald. There was a great gathering, and the MacDonalds were doing their best to entertain their guests.

Suddenly, at three o'clock in the morning, these guests, who were enemies, arose. Instantly they began the slaughter of every man they could, pursuing those that escaped. And so fell the hospitable MacDonalds by treachery. In such times massacres were not uncommon,

> "For treason d'ye see
> Was to them a dish of tea,
> And murder bread and butter."

We stop off at Fort William. The fortress, built many long years ago, was in that day the key to the Highlands. We take a coaching trip through a glen

that was once the battle-ground of fiercely fighting clans.

A HIGHLANDER.

The Highlander is very proud of his national costume, and it certainly is a most picturesque one. The men wear a kind of short petticoat round their waists. This is called a *kilt*. This kilt and the scarf worn with their costume are made of plaid. Every clan or great family has its own plaid pattern or tartan.

Long years ago the pattern of the plaid worn was a most important matter, for it told to what clan the wearer belonged. The members of a clan were relat-

ed, and in time of war, or in raids which these clans made upon each other, every member fought for his chief and his kinsmen. The best trained, the bravest and the finest looking soldiers of Great Britain today are descendants of these Highland Scotchmen.

The highland shepherds spend the most of their time with their sheep and collies, or shepherd dogs, out on the wild moors and hillsides. They are aided sometimes by their boys and girls, for it is necessary to watch the valuable sheep lest they stray away and get lost.

These Highlanders are fond of the music of the bagpipe, an instrument that makes a very strange, harsh kind of music, most disagreeable to us. But the Scotchman enjoys nothing so much as a reel droned out by a band of pipers.

BEN NEVIS.

From Banavie we begin the ascent of Ben Nevis. This mountain is 4,406 feet above the level of the sea, and is the highest point in the British Isles. If we should ride around its base we should have travelled twenty-four miles. Ben Nevis consists largely of fine brown porphyry, and such beautifully grained red granite that in no other part of the world has been found its equal.

Looking down from this mountain top one sees Glen Nevis—glen meaning valley—and flowing through it the River Nevis, which has its rise in the mountains.

We catch glimpses of other streams that feed it. The glen—which looks lonely—is one of the wildest, most picturesque, and beautiful in the Highlands. There are great clefts in the rocks, dashing waterfalls,

grassy precipices overhanging the unusually fertile valley, and the lower slopes of the mountains purple with heather.

This valley of plenty is now the peaceful home of the thriving farmer in the midst of his grain, sheep and cattle. But away back in the past, furious battles

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were fought on the banks of the Nevis. Then the vale echoed again and again to the slogan, or war cry, of the savage clans.

Those were historic times. Everybody's business was war, every castle a stronghold, every boy a born soldier, and every man willing to risk his life in defense of his clan.

LOCKS.

Seven miles above Banavie we pass from the salt water of the sea through a lock and into the Caledonian Canal. Here the water is both salt and fresh. The lakes, and the canals connecting them, contain fresh water. As the canal was cut from ocean to ocean, the opening and closing of the locks at the ends let the sea water in, and the fresh water out. Consequently, the waters are much mixed.

To pass from a higher to a lower level of water, or from a lower to a higher, a boat must go through at least two locks. This arrangement is for a good reason. Suppose that we are in the higher part of a canal. We stop in front of a lock. Another lock is beyond. Each lock consists of two water-tight double iron doors. They are wide enough for the boats to pass through and high enough to shut in a great deal of water. They are larger than castle doors or any others that we have seen.

The locks are opened in the middle, either by machinery or by hand. The opening slowly becomes wider until each door is fully open, and as they swing back they are quite out of the way. The water has gradually run out until the canal is so low that the steamer moves on, passes through the doors just opened, and stops in front of the next lock. In the meantime, the water that was lowered before we passed through the first lock has risen, because it has been held in and prevented from going farther by the second lock.

If we should be going where the water is on a higher level than we are, we must wait until the water under us has risen high enough for us to move on to the next lock.

Locks are necessary because the entire length of a canal is not on the same level. A river, we know, is higher at its source, yet with a current flowing on evenly. But in a canal, locks are necessary to regulate the height of the water. Without locks, as water seeks its level, the higher lakes in the Caledonian Canal would flow away and become empty. The lower lakes would become too full, would overflow, flood the land and cause much damage. And so, if the canals were not built just as they are, they would be of little use.

In places where there is a great slope in the land, several locks are found in a group. To run them takes time. So while the work is being done we step off, have a picnic, take a long walk, or go through a castle or church.

When time can be spared, one should travel by canal, because it is so peaceful and delightful. The steamer does not go rapidly, because, if it should, the waves would wash the banks. This would mean the expense of more dredging, and at best there is always enough of it.

We can stop off at any point and take another steamer at will. Even should we not stop on our way from Oban, we should spend twelve hours and a half before arriving at Inverness; although it is, as before stated, but sixty miles away. We do not care to go faster when we can sit on deck and pass one interesting scene after another; for of all the modes of travel the cleanest and one of the most charming is a canal journey.

We begin by passing through two locks, near which

is the mouth of a small river. After this we are in Loch Locky, ten miles in length and one in width. On the mountainous sides of the eastern bank are clumps of hazel and luxuriant birch trees, broken in many places by deep cuts. On the opposite bank are wooded glens and clefts, and meandering through them sparkling streams. Further on is Arkaig.

LOCHS OICH AND NESS.

Through the locks at Laggan we pass into the charming Loch Oich. This is the central and smallest lake of the great chain. It is peculiar in that it is shaped much like an hourglass. It differs from the others by having the highest elevation of all. Again it is unlike the others, since everything around is so peaceful. Tiny green islands dot the water's surface. The surrounding country is pleasing. There are gentle slopes instead of the ruggedness often frowning down upon the other lakes. Lake Oich is hardly five miles from end to end, yet in every way it is a little gem.

The steamer rises to reach Loch Oich, and must descend at Fort Augustus by seven locks to reach the lower elevation of Loch Ness. These seven locks are scattered along for two miles. To run them takes an hour and a half, so most of us vary the trip by walking the two miles. The passengers step off at some of the locks, before the steamer passes through, and go on board again when it has settled to its lowest level.

Loch Ness, meaning "Lake of the Cataract," shows us still something new. In places it is more than an

eighth of a mile deep. On account of this depth the water never freezes. The steamer waits here three-quarters of an hour, and we rapidly drive to the Falls of Foyers.

With little doubt, this is Great Britain's finest waterfall. There rises from it so much cloudy mist that it is often called the Fall of Smoke. About a quarter of a mile above the lower fall is one that has a drop of thirty feet; but this we cannot see, as the steamer makes too short a stop for a visit to both falls.

On our return drive to the steamer, when not shut in by trees, we are in sight of very lovely blue lakes and green valleys. Ahead of us there seems to be the largest stack of hay that one could imagine. It stands 3,060 feet up towards the sky. It looks exactly like a haystack, and nothing else. And yet it proves to be a solitary mountain peak.

At the northern foot of this giant haystack is a small peninsula, and on it the remarkable Urquhart Castle. Although the castle was built a few hundred years before Columbus discovered America, most of the carving upon it is perfect. The lines and edges are as true as if it had been just finished. The water, which almost surrounds it, has the unusual depth of seven hundred and seventy-four feet. We know of no other fortress with a moat so deep. The castle and its long reflections make a rare picture.

In the windows are holes through which melted lead was poured down upon the heads of the enemy. One might think that such a stronghold need never surrender! Yet, in 1303, it was captured by Edward I. of

England. In 1509 it came into the possession of the Grant Clan, and has ever since belonged to the descendants of this family.

Modern residences greet us at every turn. We are leaving nature's stillness for the bustle of city life. We have actually done the singular thing—by means of the locks—of traveling up and down hill in a steamer and seeing more than would have been possible in any other way. All too soon the steamer ends its journey at a little town a mile away from the "rose red" city of

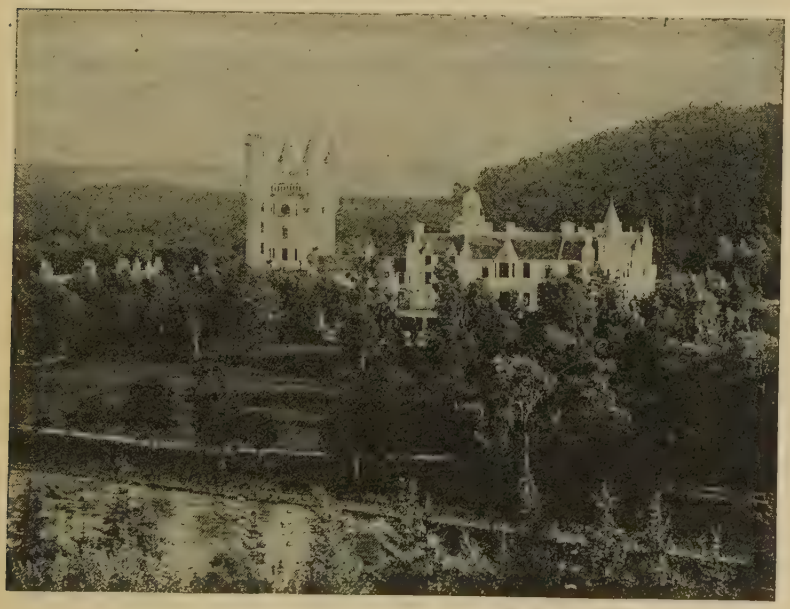
INVERNESS.

Carriages and busses are at the wharf. We secure our baggage and drive to the Caledonian Hotel. Although the capital of the Highlands, Inverness has a population of only about 20,000. There are pleasant drives leading from it to many points of interest. The city being small, we are in easy walking distance of the places we desire to visit. Strong, light bridges cross the River Ness. Elegant homes are on well paved streets.

Goodman's walk is a narrow terrace affording a view of the city and stream. From the terrace we walk down past the castle to the river. This—a popular promenade—is long enough to require half an hour in strolling to the islands.

We cross the river and in a few minutes pass into Saint Andrew's church. This is a modern building that was completed in 1869. The decorations are single granite columns and stained glass windows. The church was named in honor of Saint Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland. The apostle Andrew, who

was a fisherman, was made a saint by the Roman Catholic church. As there is so much fishing off the coasts of Scotland, Andrew was made the protector of the fishermen. In this way he became the patron saint of the country. Near the church is the celebrated "hill of the fairies."



BALMORAL, THE SCOTTISH HIGHLAND HOME OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

TOWARDS THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

We set sail from Inverness in a staunch little steamer named "The Queen." Years ago, the passage was so seldom made that nearly every man, before leaving the islands for Scotland, would make his will and give a farewell feast. For everybody feared that the boat would be wrecked and many lives lost.

From the coast of Scotland to the Orkneys, the greatest distance is eight miles. The water between —called the Pentland Forth— is the eastern Gulf Stream. The stream is small as it leaves the Gulf of Mexico and becomes broad in the Atlantic. Here—as there is nothing to prevent—it spreads out like an open fan. When this broad stream reaches the narrow Pentland Firth, it is much crowded, and rushes through in great force. As the water comes surging to the eastern side it is met by a current flowing west. They strike, dash up into the air, part of the water turns back, and is driven against the coast of Scotland and the Orkneys. It is a wild battle, with the wind shrieking and the waves crashing. The sight is a splendid one, but as we feel rather seasick, we believe we should be more comfortable in our berths, so down we go to the state-room. The steamer pitches, rolls, and bobs up and down like a cork. After she becomes quiet we know we are across the channel. Then, as we feel better, we go up on deck again.

There are sixty-seven Orkney Isles. Twenty-seven are inhabited by less than 31,000 people. The largest —Pomona or Mainland—is about thirty miles across from east to west. Some are bare black rocks, too small for anything except as a resting place for a few birds. The islands are most irregular in shape, size and character. Some have a coast scenery that is magnificent. The treeless, waste lands on many of the rocky islands give them a dreary appearance. It is a relief to see fertile spots of waving barley and oats, and patches of carrots, turnips and potatoes.

"The Queen" passes by islands of every description,

at last enters a good harbor, and is made fast to the pier at Kirkwall. Kirkwall, meaning "Church Bay," is a quaint little old town. The streets are queer and narrow, and the gabled houses are strange. Indeed, Kirkwall, although the largest town on Pomona, numbers hardly 4,000 souls. It does not take long to find a clean little hotel for a few days' stay here.

The chief object of interest in the "quaint old gabled place" is the cathedral of Saint Magnus. The building was begun long ago—in 1137—and not finished for two hundred years. Magnus was a great man who had been murdered. After his death the pope made him a saint, and a cousin of Magnus began to build the church. Others kept on with the work until it was completed. It is a large church, for it would hold all the people of Kirkwall. It is so well preserved that, if we did not know its history, we should not think it half its age. It has some good, round windows called rose windows. The roof rises to the great height of seventy-one feet, and is held up by the side walls and thirty-two pillars. These pillars are in two rows, sixteen feet apart. Four pillars are twenty-four feet in circumference. They are larger than the others because they support the great, heavy tower. In the tower is a winding staircase. From the top, on clear days, one gets a fine view of Pomona, other islands, and the ocean.

Near the church are the ruins of two ancient castles that were perfect palaces. We learn about them from Scott's "Pirate." The Earl's Palace was built by that wicked Earl, Patrick Stewart. In his kitchen is a fireplace so large than an ox could be roasted in it.

Also, within the castle is a large, deep well. There had to be a well in a castle; otherwise, during a siege, the fortress would be obliged to surrender for want of water.

LOCH STENNIS.

Over an excellent road we drive nine miles to the lake to see the celebrated Stones of Stennis. We can go by coach, or hire a gig or phæton. As we try every mode of travel that is new to us or peculiar to the country, we take a gig. A gig is not a very comfortable vehicle, and so it tires us much sooner than a carriage would have done.

But the gig ride is soon over, for we are not long in reaching the bare shores of the great lake of Stennis. On the bank is a druid's mound thirty-five feet high and one hundred and twenty feet in circumference. Forty years ago the mound was opened. The entrance was not much over two feet in diameter, but a little farther beyond the passage grew larger. Within, there were long halls and rooms. One was a sorcery hall where magic was practiced —for people believed in magic at the time of the building of the mound. There was a beautifully carved winged dragon in one room, also a serpent twined around a pole. On the stone walls of the rooms and halls were old Norse inscriptions. Just how the druids worshipped, or why they built the place and concealed it with a deep covering of earth, people have not yet decided.

Three miles from the great university of Sweden there are mounds that are nearly twice as high and large as this one. They were for the Norse gods,

Thor, Odin and Freyr. And so, judging from the resemblance, the mound at Stennis was probably in honor of a god.

In several ways Loch Stennis is singular. It is almost two lakes because, from opposite shores, two points of land extend far out in the lake towards each other until they almost meet. The druids built a causeway, or bridge, across this narrow passage. One part of the lake is higher than the other and contains fresh water. In it are fresh water fish and fresh water plants. The lower part has an ebb and flow from a bay on the sea, which connection makes the water salt. In this lower part are salt water fish and sea plants. And so, on account of the different heights, the two kinds of water and the two kinds of fish and plants, Loch Stennis is peculiar.

THE STONES OF STENNIS.

Standing on end, on the southern side of the lake, are two crude, rough stones. One is fifteen and the other seventeen feet above the ground. Once many similar stones were standing here on end in a large circle, with their flat sides turned toward the center. The remaining ones are much like the megaliths, or great stones, that are attracting attention in Brittany. As late as 1862 almost all the stones of Stennis were either standing or were undisturbed where they had fallen. Across the lake, at the same date, was another circle of stones; but there is now hardly any trace of it. The druids crossed from one circle to the other, over the causeway previously described, to celebrate their rites of heathen worship.

Outside of the circle was the largest stone of all. This was in honor of Odin. As the Swedes in olden times came and lived in Scotland, it is easy to believe that they built this mound at Stennis and made it like those which are still in Sweden. Odin's stone at Stennis, besides being larger than those in the circle,

ROYAL CHAPEL OF HOLYROOD, EDINBURGH.

had a hole cut in it that was large enough to shove a baby through. The mother believed that, by passing a child through this hole—no matter to what age it might live, it would always be free from palsy.

The first use of the stone was horrible. Ropes or cords were passed through the hole, and human beings bound by them. The people thus tortured were vic-

tims to be sacrificed. We do not know how long this custom lasted. No such sacrifices were made after the people learned and accepted the true religion.

Years later the Orcadians put the stone to a pleasant use. When a man and a woman became engaged to marry, they would go and stand on opposite sides of the stone. Then they would clasp hands through the hole and make sacred promises to each other. Later on they would make their vows to Odin. A more solemn vow than a vow to Odin, or one that was more binding, could not be made.

In 1814 Odin's stone was broken up by a farmer, who used the pieces in building a cow-house. This made the peasants so angry that at one time or another they tried to burn his dwelling. They finally made it so unpleasant for him that he was glad to move out of the neighborhood.

WHALE CATCHING.

We are now at Rousholm. A man comes rushing through the street shouting "Whales! Whales!" Men, women and children rush from the houses, all armed with some kind of a weapon, from a harpoon to an iron table-fork. We go to the top of a cliff, where we sit down on the moss and watch all that is going on. A whale hunt is more exciting than seal catching or any other sport on the water. There, on the other side, rounded up by the fisher boats, come the huge whales. Now, following their leader, they turn, and rush through the line of boats out to sea.

The fishermen again carefully and silently surround the whales and slowly drive them shoreward. As

Rousholm bay is the best whale-trap in the Orkneys, the men are this time more successful. Fishing craft of all kinds are pressed into service. Many of them have strong arms at the oars. These quickly turn the boats here and there, as directed. On come the fishing yawls, with their brown sails filled by the breeze. The men now keep up a great shouting and pounding, making all the noise that they possibly can. This clamor is to prevent the whales from again rushing out to sea. They have become too frightened by the noise to know what they are about; so they blindly follow their leader, and all are driven with the waves up on the beach. Here the water is so shallow that they cannot swim away.

Now the terrible slaughter begins. The people on the shore rush to help. The whales are struck with harpoons, forks, and other weapons. Everybody works, for everybody has a share in the spoils. The great monsters helplessly flounder around in their sufferings. In their death-agony their tails lash the water that is now red with their blood. The people are quick to spring out of the way of harm, but watch closely for every chance to give fresh stabs.

One after another the great sea monsters are struck again and again, until at last all of them are killed. As they die they give shrill cries, and make a strange snorting and humming sound, somewhat like that of drums and fifes heard far away.

The slaughter and the cries of pain distress us, and so we do not remain on the cliff to watch the death struggles. After all was over, more than a hundred black carcasses were on the beach. And a harvest it

was to the fishermen, for the morning's work was worth over fifteen hundred dollars.

FARMING.

In driving over Pomono we notice that the soil grows richer near the coast. The reason for this is that seaweed is used here as a fertilizer. The weed is gathered from the rocks and beach, and is allowed to dry until it partly decays. Then women and ponies carry it in baskets on their backs to where it is to be used. There the women spread the seaweed over the ground. Men do but little of this work, because they are at this season busily engaged in fishing. As it is too much work to take the seaweed far inland, land there is left to take care of itself.

It is surprising to find that the yield of crops really amounts to a good deal, when one considers how many barren hills, stony mountains, and waste places there are in this part of the country.

Cattle and horses find fair pasturage, and what they leave behind is picked up by the sheep, for sheep can crop quite close to the ground and can creep into narrow, slanting places where the larger animals cannot go.

In the rocky, mountainous parts of Scotland it is very difficult to cultivate the land. These districts are chiefly grazed by large herds of long-horned cattle and great flocks of sheep.

In the level plains of Scotland the land is exceedingly fertile, and there are many fine farms where wheat, oats, barley and potatoes are raised. Sheep-farming is carried on in the valleys as well as on the hills, and is one of the favorite pursuits of the people.

MINERALS, METALS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

Scotland is rich in minerals. Copper ore is found in several parts of Scotland proper and at Fetlar, in Orkney Islands. Lime-rock appears in many localities. Across the country, from the eastern to the western coast, coal extends in almost unbroken lines. For miles on each side of the Clyde and Forth it is in great abundance. There is also to be found hematite, antimony and manganese.

The hills are made up of slatestone, sandstone and granite. Granite, which is hard and lasting, can be highly polished until it is beautiful. We have fine specimens at home, for many of the monuments in our cemeteries, and the pillars in our business blocks, are from Aberdeen. In the lead mines traces of gold have been discovered, and a little silver has been mined.

In Scotland are found also the finest specimens of jasper and of cairnstone. The cairnstone is usually of a rich, amber color. Garnets are picked up in the form of pebbles. They are dull brown seemingly; but when placed against the light in a clear bottle they are a rich claret in color. In the river beds are found large and good pearls of great value.

PEAT.

In the Orkney and Shetland islands, where there is neither coal nor wood to burn, it is fortunate that there are vast quantities of peat for fuel. The reason why there is no coal in these islands is that there have never been any trees growing here except those which have been planted.

Peat is a moss or turf that has grown, ripened and died down. Forcing its way up through this layer, more peat has grown, ripened and fallen. This process has been continued over and over until, in some hollows, the dense layers are from ten to twenty feet in thickness. This wonderful bog required hundreds of years to form—just as it took centuries to make the coal we use in heating.

CARRYING PEAT.

We might say, as the quality is not all the same, that there are three grades of peat. The upper layer is the poorest of all. It is coarse, brown in color, makes much smoke, and does not burn easily. Just underneath is the second grade. This is of a darker brown, of less coarse fibre, and burns with less smoke and more heat. The third layer, the best, is of a dark brown that is almost black. This last kind of peat is

more compact than the others on account of the upper layers pressing down upon it. It makes a fine bed of glowing coals on the hearth, gives out much warmth, and causes hardly any smoke.

A PEAT HARVEST.

A great day in the islands is the one on which there is peat-cutting to be done. A crofter, or small farmer, invites his neighbors to help him. Early in the morning come the men and women. After a hearty breakfast, given by the farmer, all start off to a desolate moorland where there is a rich, deep bed of peat.

The scene is brightened by the gay colored dresses, and made merry by the cheerful talk of young voices. The older people share in the talk, though calmly, and look on in contented enjoyment. Although there is a hum of voices, the work goes on rapidly. The first thing to do is to scrape or cut off the heather that covers the ground. The great spades are broad, and from them, shooting out at right angles, are smaller spades. The men drive these spades into the ground and turn up the turf neatly cut into regular shapes. As these blocks are turned up they are caught by the women, who stand in front ready to seize them. Then they are carried or thrown up to the bank above. When there are any men to spare, they help the women in catching and putting the turf out of the way.

The work goes on steadily from morning until evening, except at the noon hour, when the workers pause for rest and an excellent picnic dinner. By the time twilight comes, enough peat has been cut to last the

crofter throughout the year. Then the workers return to his house, where a bountiful feast of good things has been prepared. The workers, with sharpened, healthy appetites, are ready for the feast; and the toast, ham and eggs, barley cakes, oat cakes, tea and other drinkables, all quickly disappear.

After the supper is finished, the table is folded up flat and placed against the side of the wall, where it takes up no room. The chairs and benches are arranged around the sides, leaving the center of the floor clear. Then the laddies and lassies, as the Scotch call young men and women, begin dancing, and keep it up until nearly morning. Scott tells us all about such dancing in the "Pirate;" and his description is interesting, for the dancing is wholly unlike ours. The young people enjoy themselves too much to think of being tired. Nor do they care about the beating rain outside, which has drenched with wet the dreary moor where they cut the peat.

A few weeks later the blocks of peat are stood up on edge in order to give them a chance to dry. Several times their positions are changed, which process is called "raising the peats." When dry enough to burn, they are piled in heaps, loaded into carts drawn by oxen or horses, and then taken home. In former times, ponies carried home the peats. There would often be a whole string of ponies, and this procession was called "leading the peats." The time for taking the peats home is during the middle of July. After this there begins another harvest—the gathering of herring. All at once there are few men to be seen in the villages and hamlets, for all the able-bodied fisher-

men have taken to their boats and are off for the fishing grounds.

AMONG THE ORKNEYS.

On the steamer "Arcadia" we go on an excursion among the Orkney Isles. With the exception of the trees which have been planted, we see few on the

NEW HAVEN FISHERMEN.

northern islands that are large enough for us to call them trees.

Now and then we see a small, grassy island where a farmer pastures his sheep. The sheep have all the grass they want to eat. Because of the island's water fence, they are safe from dogs that are fond of mut-

ton. As native sheep are high jumpers and can clear an ordinary fence as easily as deer can, this fence of water prevents them from straying away and getting lost. Their owner, knowing they are safe, pays little attention to them. He lives on a larger island and, when not off fishing, is busy with farming.

When sheep shearing time arrives, it is as great a day as the peat cutting day was, and in several respects the events are somewhat similar. The women wear red, pink, and blue dresses, neatly finished with white cuffs, and sun-bonnets trimmed with wide ribbons. All of the men and women go down to the shore and row over to the island where the sheep are to be sheared. They carry with them large baskets containing the picnic dinner. On some of the Shetland islands there still exists the cruel practice of pulling the wool from the body of the live sheep. The people believe that the wool is kept finer by this pulling than if it were cut off.

Some of the islands are mere gloomy, bare rocks. The sea—always beating against them—has worn away the softer parts until great holes have been made through. Boats glide through these picturesque holes or arcades. Among other singular formations are irregular rocks that stand alone like great pillars.

Near the island of Hoy, where there are fine cliffs, is a pillar that is called the Old Man of Hoy, and a queer-shaped, solitary column it is! At some distance away we see it. As we approach, it seems to grow much higher. And high it really is, for it stands four hundred and fifty feet above the water. It received its name because it is thought to resemble an old man.

Although we think the old man is certainly tall, our surprise is increased when we sail by another point that is 1564 feet in height.

THE SHETLAND ISLES.

After our excursion among the Orkneys is ended, we sail northeast from Kirkwall, the chief town, and on the afternoon of the same day step off the steamer upon the good pier of Lerwick. Lerwick is the only town of the Shetland Isles and has a population of less than four thousand inhabitants. We go through the town hall, which is an excellent building, and visit the Anderson Institute, where there are some wonderfully bright pupils to be found.

We are now so far north that the sun disappears for a few hours only at night. It rises in the northeast and sets in the northwest. It shines on the north side of the houses as well as on the other sides. Thus, in turn, every room receives sunshine. Although the summer days are long and the nights short, the winter days are short and the nights long. During the winter months the sea is less than seven degrees colder than the air, while in summer the sea is not quite four degrees warmer than the air. This minute variation of temperature is owing to the Gulf Stream.

The average winter temperature is thirty-nine degrees, while that of summer is fifty-three. This makes a difference between the two seasons of but fourteen degrees. So slight a difference seems strange to us, when, in some of our northern states, we have known the mercury to fall fourteen degrees in fifteen

minutes. On the whole, the climate in the Shetlands is mild and agreeable. It is seldom too warm for comfort or cold enough for ice.

The "Earl of Zetland" is the steamer that takes us among the Shetland islands farther north than is shown on ordinary maps of Scotland. We find a great variety among these islands. They are large, small, flat, hilly, sterile and fertile. In one way all are alike—for they are treeless.

The people living on these islands differ greatly. On Fetlar, which is so far in the northeast that it is not shown on small maps, is a fine race of people. The men are almost giants in size. They are broad-shouldered and deep-chested, and can do a great deal of work. They are remarkably fine-looking and intelligent, their wives the same, and their children among the brightest. It is a pleasure to see these people. Fetlar, the island upon which they live, is flat and fertile, and is four miles from any other.

Just twenty-five miles away is the island of Muckle Roe—and a greater contrast than that between the people upon these two islands so near together would be hard to find. The men on Muckle Roe are low and squatty, all out of shape, homely-featured, often bow-legged, and almost dwarfs. They have not much strength for hard work, but are quick at light tasks. Of course their children are not attractive.

On many of these islands it is the usual custom for a man to marry a woman (often older than himself) from his own village or neighborhood. He thinks it not courteous to his women friends to marry one who lives somewhere else. For this reason, and because

the Muckle Roe women are so unattractive, men of other islands will not marry them. And so these poor, dwarflike people marry, live among themselves, and never improve.

Nearly half the Shetlanders that live to reach the age of twenty, feel safe in believing that they will not die before seventy, and that there is a prospect of their living much longer. It is not unusual to see a man of eighty-five who holds his own at the oars as if he were fifty only. The people are intelligent, spend the long winter evenings reading, have good habits, remain vigorous, and keep their fresh complexions until late in life.

A CROFTER'S HOME.

The crofter is a man who works for another in the country and who belongs, perhaps, to the poorest class in all the land next to the beggars. He may live in what he calls a *toon* (town) although there are not more than a dozen families in the settlement. Each little community is commonly grouped on an inland bay, and each head of the family has from two to four acres of ground for his garden vegetables and grain. When there are two rooms, the crofter's house may be thirty feet in length, although often less, with a width of eight or ten feet. The side walls are from four to six feet in height and built of rough stones. The steep roof is made of a frame of driftwood thickly thatched with straw. In order to keep the straw from blowing away, straw ropes are thrown over the roof and weighted down at the ends. The edges of the roof rest on the walls instead of extending a little

beyond. For this reason the rain does not have much chance to run off the roof onto the ground, so must drip on the wall itself. In this way the walls become wet, and the water trickles through into the room.

About one-third of the space is partitioned off for a room that is used on special occasions. This has a wooden floor, plastered walls, a chimney, and a real window. The other room is kitchen, bedroom, and living room combined. In one corner is a box bed. The uneven floor is the natural earth. The window is so small that little light comes in. There may not even be a chimney.

In case there is no chimney, the peats fill the room with smoke. To be sure, there is a hole through which the smoke is expected to go out and the light to come in. However, most of the smoke remains indoors because the outer air refuses to enter. Bad as

A SCOTTISH CROFTER.

this room is, the family can not have it to themselves; for they must share it with the chickens that roost on the rafters and the cow that is stabled in one corner. All of the inmates, too, must use the same small door. A calf is a favored animal, because it goes in and out when it likes, and follows the children around like a dog.

Some houses have but one small room. A crofter that lives in such a place leads a wretched life. Usually the owner of the land wants all of it for himself, and so rents as little as possible to the crofter, who, nevertheless, has to pay a high rent. Crofters' homes of this kind are seen in nooks all over Scotland and on all of her islands. The crofter is not lazy. He simply has no chance to earn a decent living. When he manages to get money to emigrate he soon becomes prosperous.

PETS AND AMUSEMENTS.

Some of the unusual pets that the children have in the Scotland Isles are swans, seals, and otters. The otters are in the habit of following the seashore just beyond the waves. To catch one of these animals, a drain is made in its track and covered with stones. At one end the drain is closed by having a flat stone placed against it so as to admit light, although leaving the opening not large enough for the otter to get out. At the other end is a piece of wood that slides up and down like a window. To this is tied a cord, the other end of the cord being fastened to a peg. The otter comes along, keeps on in his old track right into the trap, and walks against the cord. Down goes the door. Though he cries when he discovers

that his liberty is gone, he is soon won by the children's kindness, becomes fond of them, and follows them around.

The children are fond of building the Caledonian Canal, with its bridges, locks, and docks. With knives they whittle ships and boats which they name, launch,

CROFTER MAIDS AND MATRONS.

and, with stones for sailors, enter for sailing matches. They also play catching fish. One child holds the line and throws it to the children representing the fish, who sometimes catch it between their teeth. Then they make houses and gardens on the beach with stones, and also play at keeping store. Boys in bathing play that they are salmon or eels. They make what they call "salmon leap" and "dive like an eel." Often they run from the shore singing as the waves follow them:

"Willie, Willie, Weet-feet,
Winna get me."

Sea Breaking is a popular game. The players stand one behind the other. At a signal, the first one, imitating the waves, stoops, rises, throws up his arms, and runs, repeating the same movements several times. In turn, all of the players do likewise. When one falls, the tumbler is called a shipwreck. He must then keep still and let the others leap over him.

Another odd game is one in which the children stand on a rock which the tide has left dry. All together they call out:

"I warn you once,
I warn you twice,
I warn you three times over;
Take up your wings
And flee away
For fear of Johnnie Rover."

Then they jump and run as fast as they can to the top of the rock. They repeat the same thing again and again. They afterwards have great fun in burying themselves in the sand, in dancing on it, and in playing perhaps half a hundred games quite unknown in other countries.

ANIMALS.

The shaggy Shetland ponies are small—some of them weighing only a hundred pounds—but they are hardy, surefooted, and have a good deal of sense. Their color is all shades of brown and black. The black ones, on account of the color, are worth the most.

In the islands of Scotland there are many kinds of

sheep. The native sheep are small, and have short tails and small horns. They are white, gray, spotted, a queer brown, and black. Some of them have black faces. We may see these natural shades in stores where Shetland wools are sold for fancy work. The wool grown on native sheep is finer than that on other

CASTLE STREET, ABERDEEN. MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS ON THE RIGHT.

sheep. It is so fine that it can be spun into threads finer than those of lace. A stocking made of a native sheep's wool can be drawn through a finger ring.

The Shetland cows are small, and have long horns and short legs. They are white, red, brown, or black,

yet hardly ever of a single color. Their beef is sweet and tender.

Native pigs are slim looking and poor eating, for, as they are fed fish, the pork has a fishy flavor.

ABERDEEN.

As time is passing, and all too fast for us, we leave the Shetland Islands on a steamer that touches at a few points only before reaching Aberdeen—"The Granite City." Here the flat-nosed, dull people with bad figures are in sad contrast with the Shetlanders, whom we found intelligent and fine-looking.

We visit the Aberdeen granite works, where such a fine polish is given the stone. It seems strange that the art of polishing granite died with the Pharaohs and that in Aberdeen it was rediscovered. If the old and new ways of polishing granite are not alike, the result is certainly the same. As we have but a day in Aberdeen after seeing the granite works, we pay hurried visits to the paper factories and the carpet-weaving industries, then drive by the schools, the college, and the university—all of which are noted. Finally, we drive through the oldest part of the city and along quaint old streets. As Aberdeen is one of the oldest towns of Scotland, many of the sights are to us novel indeed.

EDINBURGH.

Our first view of Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, is one never to be forgotten. As the steamer approaches, the afternoon sun gives to the towering Castle Hill the appearance of burnished gold. The sight is one of the loveliest of its kind. Edinburgh is called

the "Modern Athens," and, in a way, it does resemble the present Athens in Greece. On three sides Castle Hill is almost straight up and down, while the other side slopes gradually away to Holyrood Palace in the valley.

PRINCESS STREET, EDINBURGH. VIEW FROM THE CASTLE.

The Scottish kings lived in the palaces on the hill and in the valley. It was in dangerous times that a certain little prince was born on Castle Hill. He was afterwards tucked into a basket and lowered down one of the steep sides into the valley below. Here friends took him away out of the reach of enemies. When the little prince grew up he became James VI. of Scot-

land; and when the two countries were united under one government, he was also King of England. Then he was called James I., for, although England had had many kings, never before had there been one named James.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Soon after little baby James was sent away in a basket, his mother went to Holyrood, where she lived

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

for a time. She was the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots—the most unhappy princess that ever lived. She had great beauty, was talented, accomplished, brave, and lovable—yet everything in her life went

wrong. She was born just after her father had died of a broken heart. He it was who brought great trouble to Scotland by losing an important battle.

First of all, Mary was not as welcome as a little son would have been, because a prince was wanted instead of a princess. As a young girl she was sent to France

WOMEN BAITING LINES

to be educated. Here she married a prince and, had he lived, she might have been Queen of France. But he died, and when she was still a girl she came home to be crowned Queen of Scotland. She had much unhappiness; and, at a time when she believed herself in

danger, she fled from Scotland. She was captured and kept in prison by her own cousin, Queen Elizabeth of England. Elizabeth was jealous of the beautiful Mary, and, in order to keep herself secure on the throne of England, kept Mary a prisoner for eighteen years. And then, after all this, Mary was put to death. All

MAIN STREET OF NEW HAVEN, A FISHERMEN'S VILLAGE, SCOTLAND.

this gives increased interest to Queen Mary's rooms in Holyrood, where her great unhappiness began.

CLIMATE AND HEALTH.

The climate of Scotland is exceedingly changeable. But, as there is so much coast line, the weather there is not so cold as in most countries of the same lati-

tude. Besides, the Gulf Stream makes it warmer than it otherwise could possibly be. The warm, moist air of the Gulf Stream, meeting the cold air of the western mountain tops, is condensed and drenches the

EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM GRASS MARKET.

valleys below with rain. While there is less rainfall in eastern Scotland, yet the people have sufficient.

Indeed, there is much dampness in the air in the form of mists, drizzles, or deluging rains. On this account a traveler, on becoming discouraged,

asked, "Does it always rain in Scotland?" "No, sir," answered the Scot, "it sometimes snows."

During the fall and early winter the winds are usually from the west. In the spring and early summer they blow from the east. At certain seasons they rush on so fiercely that it is hard work to walk when one is out of doors.

Edinburgh Castle stands on so high a hill that, as the wind sweeps up the valley, the building receives the full force. It is said that soldiers on guard have really been blown quite off the hill.

The winds and rains may be disagreeable; but, compared with Spain, Italy, Austria, Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, and Russia, the healthiest of all is Scotland.

NEW HAVEN.

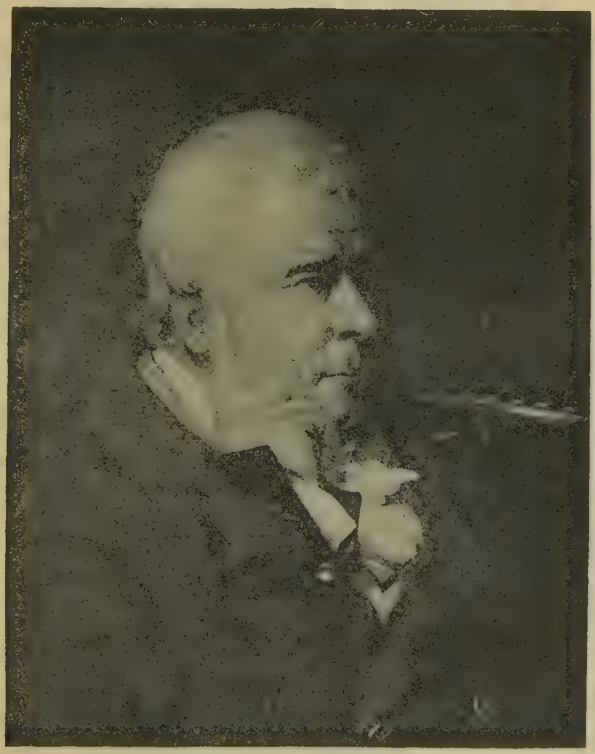
New Haven is a quaint old fishing town, where the small, two-storied houses have their stair cases on the outside. A row of houses shows a line of staircases on the sidewalk, all turned in the same direction.

The fishermen, too, are just as queer as their homes, for they are quite different from other fishermen in their ways of living. They work hard during the season and are helped by their wives, who bait hooks, keep fish shops, and peddle fish from house to house.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Burns made lovely Ayr and its neighborhood famous through his sweet and tender verses; but it was Scott who made not only a part, but the whole of Scotland known as an intensely interesting country. And he did this through poems, novels, and histories. We

were told, before starting out on our travels, that Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather" is the best history for children that has ever been written. We were delighted with it from beginning to end. How we should like to remain a long time in all the places Scott wrote about in his books!



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

When he was a small boy, he delighted in hearing Scotland's thrilling history until he knew it well. He liked to roam through old castles. With a glow of imagination as he passed through them, he peopled

them anew in their proper dress, saw them besieged, defended or surrendered, and heard the savage cries of the warriors.

He spent much time in riding at a breakneck speed here and there over the country, as the notion happened to strike him. On hearing of the wild ride of a man in a given length of time, Walter doubted if such a ride could be possible. His next thought was to prove it. So he mounted his pony, dashed over the same ground, and found to his surprise that the feat could really be done. It was hard on the pony, though. His riding about the country in this way was a great trial to his father, for he feared that Walter was merely wasting his time and might never amount to anything.

However, when the boy grew to be a man, he knew a great deal of Scottish history, and had been over the greater part of Scotland on foot or on horseback. With this fine preparation, it was no wonder, when he began to write books, that he gave us true pictures of the people—the way they dressed and acted, and how they lived in the stirring times of which he told.

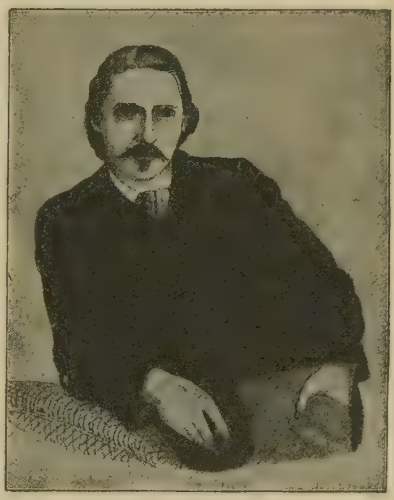
Abbotsford, Scott's home, is a fine old castle that he bought and enlarged to suit himself. It is now the home of his grand-daughter. His library is much as he left it. Here are the pipes he smoked, the canes he carried—for he was lame, the books he read, and the chair and table he used in writing his many books. Among the swords, suits of armor, and a great number of other things which Scott collected, one sees Rob Roy's gun.

In the most beautiful part of the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, Sir Walter Scott was buried. Here and there,

adorning the great monument erected to his memory in Edinburgh (it is the tallest structure in the picture of Princess Street, p 63) are fifty statues of people that he told about in his novels, as well as a striking statue of Scott himself.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Another Scotchman who has endeared himself to us by his delightful poems and stories, is Robert Louis Stevenson. He was born within sight of Edinburgh Castle on November 13, 1850. He was descended from a family of light-house engineers, and it was intended to make an engineer of him. But he was very sickly when a child, he showed a great love of books, and he even began to compose when he was very young. These things led his parents to indulge him in his tastes.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

What a world of pleasure is derived from his funny stories, "The New Arabian Nights," his charming poems, "A Child's Garden of Verse," his wonderfully interesting tale about "Treasure Island," and his curious story about "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde!"

Here is a part of one of his pretty poems from "The Child's Garden of Verse":

GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN.

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet,
And remain through all bewild'ring
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places,—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory,—
Theirs is quite a different story.

Stevenson was a sickly boy, as we have mentioned, and had to spend much time indoors; but, instead of fretting and becoming sour and waspish like Pope, he began to amuse himself and to cultivate a patient disposition by writing or planning little stories and plays for his own amusement. He is said to have outlined a "History of Moses" when only six years old, and to have written a short story when he was only nine.

Much of the beauty of his life and the inspiration for his writings is due to a companion of his childhood, Miss Cummington, a most lovable woman who knew how, and was willing, to enter into the heart of a child.

When he was in pain and could not sleep, she would wrap him in a blanket, take him to the windows

to see the lamplighter below and the stars above, and then would tell him stories or read to him out of books. His bright little mind drank all these in and worked them over, with things learned in after life, into those charming books which we all read with so much pleasure.

A little farther on we shall read about how strict the Scotch people used to be in matters of religion. It seems rather amusing to us to know that little Stevenson's companion taught him that it was wicked to read novels. In fact, he went to bed one night with a bad pain in his side, and this he thought a punishment for listening to the reading of a novel. Yet he is the author of some of the finest novels ever written, and, naturally, every Scotchman feels proud of the fame of his countryman.

In many of his books we can see how he loved the ocean and the storm-beaten, rocky coast; and also what a home his memory furnished for the strange old legends of Scotland.

Stevenson's visit to our country, his banishment to the far distant ocean island of Samoa in search of health, and his death there, all give us an increased interest in his life and in his writings.

THE THISTLE.

Scotland's emblem is the thistle. Nearly nine hundred years ago the Danes went over with the intention of capturing a certain strong castle. All was so well managed that no one knew the enemies were near. They were to make the attack at midnight.

They took off their shoes to prevent sound, and slipped up to the moat, expecting to swim across, place their ladders against the walls, run up them and capture the castle. They reached the moat, which happened to be dry and overgrown with thistles—for the dryer the ground the better the thistles thrive. The night was too dark to see well. Suddenly, the bare feet of the Danes were pierced by the thistles, and, forgetting they were to keep silent, they cried out in their pain. This roused the sleeping Scots within and the castle was saved. Thus the thistle became the emblem of Scotland, and so—

> "Let the lily of France in luxuriance wave,
> Let the shamrock of Erin its beauty maintain,
> Let the rose of fair England still waft its perfume,
> But the thistle of Scotia will dearest remain."

RELIGION.

The Scotch people are nearly all Presbyterians in religion. They have a great respect for the Sabbath and keep it strictly. They pay close attention to the teaching of their ministers, and know their Bibles well.

The old Scottish times were strange ones in many ways, especially so about religion. The Catholics had beautiful churches and made them attractive inside. The Protestants were so strict and stern, that the plainer churches were the better they were liked. So they injured the Catholic churches, broke their statues and organs, and pounded to pieces the silver cups, candlesticks, and everything of value they could find. The Protestant sermons were so long that a man would

preach until he was so tired that another preacher would have to take his place. If a man was absent from church, he was punished later on by having to stand for hours on a block before the congregation.

Sometimes people would fall asleep during a sermon, but they did not enjoy a long nap, for a man with a long pole would walk up and down during services and poke any sleeping person that he saw. The churches were ugly and were not heated in winter;

THE GRAVE OF WALTER SCOTT, DRYBURGH ABBEY, ST. MARY'S ISLE.

the benches were most uncomfortable; and the sermons were chiefly about an angry God who would inflict dreadful punishments, and gave little mention to a God of tenderness and love.

The Protestants were so strict they thought it a sin to smile, talk, or even play a hymn on Sunday. It must have been dull for the children to sit still and do

nothing, but no doubt their thoughts often wandered to the delightful brownies and fairies.

BROWNIES AND FAIRIES.

It is pleasant to us, as well as to the little Scotch children, to know that Scotland was the real home of the brownies. The brownies were good-natured little fairies. When a farmer or miller got along well with his work, people thought it was because the brownies had helped him. The brownies did their work at night. If a man praised them, they would become angry, would throw down their tools, leave at once, and never help him again. They wore no clothes except a high, pointed cap.

In many parts of Scotland and on the islands,we are shown hills and other places, where the fairies had been. While fairies were supposed to be in most of the countries of Europe, there were some in Scotland that were different from all others. For one thing, they were even prettier than those in England and Sweden.

They were supposed to be neither human beings nor angels– yet something between the two. Their dainty little bodies were sometimes dense clouds, thicker than any clouds in the sky, and at other times thinner than air. Whenever they did not want to be seen by real people, their delicate spirits could melt their beings into air, and then just as easily bring them back to their proper forms. The food of the fairies was the purest air, or a faint fragrance that the breezes wafted through their beings. Some of the stronger ones sucked the juice from young, growing grain. By

listening, a child could hear them at the foot of a stack of grain, striking their golden hammers and baking bread.

The homes of the fairies were in the loneliest places and on the highest points. They moved to new homes every three months—and what lovely homes they were! There were glorious halls flooded with bright moonshine until the walls shone like gold. The air was filled with the tiniest specks of light that were stars no larger than the point of the finest needle. The fairies talked just as we do, only their voices were softer than the gentlest tones that we hear. In all this flood of light, the little creatures moved around, talked or danced. The little men were dressed in silvery green, wearing silver sandals and lovely cloaks. They carried golden bows, and arrows tipped with flame. But the little girls and women were so lovely they looked like angels. They wore green mantels of silk that were lined with eiderdown, and they were girded around the waist by a circle of wild flowers. Around their heads they wore twisted bands of gold to hold in place the beautiful yellow hair that fell over their shoulders like sunshine.

Between the dances, the richest and daintiest foods were eaten, while bands of harpists played sweet music so softly that no human being could hear. What a pity this was, because it was far more delightful than any other earthly music!

These fairies were very happy little people. However, they did not always play, for they worked at making their own harps. Then, too, they would steal food from the rich to carry to the poor. At times

they would give concerts away off in lonely places where people could not interrupt them. At night they would leave their palaces in the air, come down, and dance in circles on the ground. The places where their little feet touched were called "fairy rings." No man would plow through these rings, for he believed that if he dared touch them—no matter how well and strong he might be—he would surely grow weaker and weaker every day until he would die.

MELROSE ABBEY, FROM THE EAST.

The fairies had a king and a queen—the queen having more power than all of the others put together. They were very fond of hunting. All their horses had tinkling bells on their manes, and the saddles and bridles were silk and velvet. All of the metal about their harness was gold. When the fairies were to start, they separated into three parties. One party rode

brown horses and another grey ones; but the queen, the king, and the nobles rode snow-white horses. The prime minister was mounted on a dashing coal-black charger. Away they would fly like the wind, but so gentle did the horses step that they never bent a rose bush nor brushed the dew from the grass. A man, walking home in the darkness, never guessed that this lovely procession was near unless he heard the tinkling bells, or perhaps a faint bugle call. Before break of day the hunt had ended and all of the fairies were at home again.

WITCHES.

In the home of Burns, as in the homes of many other Scotch boys, there was a teller of stories—not alone about brownies and fairies, but also about witches and other curious creatures. Burns' mind was deeply impressed with these tales, and his lively imagination and good humor led him to make various uses of them when he became grown.

One of the best known of Burns' poems is about the chase of some witches after Tam O'Shanter, a drinking, rollicking fellow of the neighborhood. The story runs that, late one wild, stormy night, which had been spent in carousing, Tam started for home mounted on a favorite mare named Meg.

"The hour approaches Tam maun[1] ride;
That hour, a night's black arch the keystane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic[2] a night he takes the road in;
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 'twad blawn[3] its last;

1. *Maun*—must. 2. *Sic*—such. 3. *'twad blawn*—it would have blown.

The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Long, loud, and deep the thunder bellow'd."

Tam hurried along through mud and mire, singing some old Scotch song to keep up his courage, until, as he approached Alloway church, he was surprised to hear coming from it loud sounds of mirth and dancing. Nothing daunted, Tam rode up to the window and

* * * "saw an unco[4] sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance:
Nae cotillion brent[5] new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels."

Tam clapped his hands and shouted his approval. Instantly the lights were put out. Tam fled, and the witches took after him on broom-stick horses. In imagination we see him, "weel mounted on his gray mare Meg," flying towards a bridge in order to escape the clutches of the witches who, according to popular belief, never crossed running water.

Fortunately for Tam he rode a gallant mare. She ran so swiftly, in fact, that her tail stood straight out behind. And this caused her misfortune; for, just before she reached the middle of the bridge, one witch stretched out a long, bony arm, caught Meg's tail and, with a vicious jerk, snatched it off.

The scene of Tam O'Shanter's ride was laid near Ayr:

"Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lassies."

4. *unco*—strange. 5. *brent new*—brand new.

Many other curious tales are told about the peculiar Scotch belief as to witches. Shakespeare takes advantage of this fact and makes the witches play a very important part in his great drama "Macbeth," that deals with a very interesting period of Scotch history. The first act opens thus:—

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again—
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Second Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Second Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin[1]!
Second Witch. Paddock[2] calls.
Third Witch. Anon.
All. Fair is foul and foul is fair;
Hover through the fog and filthy air. (*All go out.*)

This drama is given in simple language for young people in those famons "Tales from Shakespeare" by Charles and Mary Lamb.

It will be quite interesting to our readers to look up more fully this belief of the Scotch in such supernatural beings as the brownies, the fairies, the warlocks, the witches, and the elves.

TO SUM UP.

The original Highlanders were Celts, while the Lowlanders were mostly Scandinavians. From a mixture of the two races in Scotland have sprung famous writ-

1. A gray cat, the familiar spirit of the first witch.
2. A toad, the familiar spirit of the second witch.

ers, statesmen, and scientists. It may be possible for a Scotchman to be a tramp---yet we have never heard of one. No matter in what station of life they are born, the boys are thrifty, industrious, persevering, and have the strongest desire for an education. Many boys go to sea as common sailors, but on board ship continue their studies under an officer who is generally willing to help them. Years pass, and these boys--who once held the lowest position---become officers, and some of them owners of vessels.

Scotland is rather small to support all of the people born there, so the boys and men, and sometimes the women and children, emigrate to all parts of the world. They seldom form colonies, but go singly. They succeed where others fail. They are saving, shrewd, plodding, and persevering; so, little by little, the men keep on until they hold responsible positions. Whether at home or abroad, they usually get along well. Although Scotchmen are quiet, they are genial, self-respecting, and respected by others.

The women and children, also, are practical, having great common sense. They are well educated and fond of music and poetry. The truest picture to be given of the people in Edinburgh is to say they are much like Americans---even more so than they are like the English. The people all over Scotland form a fine race. Their schools are celebrated, their business enterprises extensive, their country unique, and their cities a pride. It is only natural that tourists from all parts of the world throng this land of great beauty and peculiar historical interest.

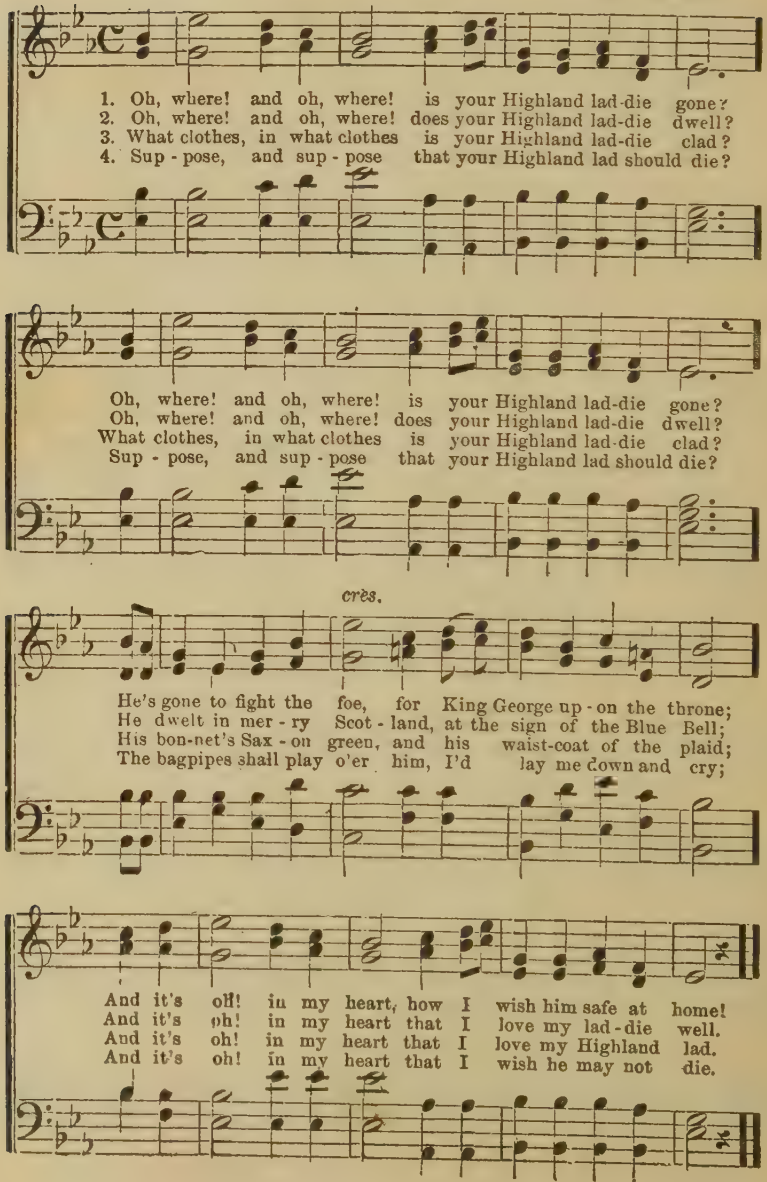
NATIONAL AIR OF SCOTLAND.

(THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.)

Allegro Moderato.
1. The Camp-bells are com - in', O ho, O ho!
2. Great Ar - - - gyle he goes be - fore,
3. The Camp - bells they are a' in arms,
The Camp-bells are com - in', O ho, O ho!
He makes the can - nons and guns to roar;
Their loy - - al faith and truth to show;
The Camp-bells are com - in' to bon - nie Loch - lev - en;
Wi' sound o' trump - et, pipe and drum,
Wi' ban - ners rat - tling in the wind,
The Camp - bells are com - in', O ho, O ho!
The Camp - bells are com - in', O ho, O ho!
The Camp - bells are com - in', O ho, O ho!
Up - on the Lo - monds I lay, I lay,
Up - on the Lo - monds I lay, I lay;
I look - ed down to bon - nie Loch - lev - en,
And saw three bon - nie perch - es play.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

Mrs. JORDAN.


1. Oh, where! and oh, where! is your Highland lad-die gone?
2. Oh, where! and oh, where! does your Highland lad-die dwell?
3. What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland lad-die clad?
4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your Highland lad should die?
Oh, where! and oh, where! is your Highland lad-die gone?
Oh, where! and oh, where! does your Highland lad-die dwell?
What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland lad-die clad?
Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your Highland lad should die?
cres.
He's gone to fight the foe, for King George up - on the throne;
He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land, at the sign of the Blue Bell;
His bon-net's Sax - on green, and his waist-coat of the plaid;
The bagpipes shall play o'er him, I'd lay me down and cry;
And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad - die well.
And it's oh! in my heart that I love my Highland lad.
And it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

A Little Journey to Ireland.

Let us now turn our steps towards that part of Europe that lies nearest to our home, beautiful, but unfortunate and neglected Ireland. It is west of the island of Great Britain.

Ireland is often called the Emerald Isle, because it is green, winter and summer. If you will look at the map you will see that Ireland is as far to the north as Labrador. You remember too, that this region is cold and desolate.

It would seem then that we would need to take with us our heavy wraps and furs, but this is not the case. Ireland catches the warm winds from the Atlantic, which keeps it from being cold.

But we must take our raincoats and umbrellas, for Atlantic winds are always laden with moisture and bring rains very, very often. So often do these rains occur that tourists are apt to be disgusted tho the weather is never too hot, nor very cold.

An English poet who visited Ireland once expressed his opinion of the weather in these words:

"The weather depends upon the moon, as a rule.
And in Kerry the rule is true,
For it rains when the moon is at its full,
And it rains when the moon is new,
When the moon is at the quarter then down comes the rain
At the half 'tis no better I ween,
When the moon is at three-quarters it's at it again,
And it rains, besides, mostly between."

It is because of this moist climate that the island is so beautifully green. The coldest weather does not frost the grass nor the hottest weather scorch it.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF IRELAND.

If we could take a bird's eye view of Ireland we would see that it consists of a great central plain bordered with low mountains. Down the mountain sides rush torrents that lose themselves in the tangled growth of the broken valleys. There are but few navigable rivers. The largest is the Shannon. But we would find many, many beautiful lakes, chief of which are the Lakes of Killarney.

Along the coast the shore is very deep, cliffs being hundreds of feet in places, but there are many fine harbors.

Across the island from east to west is a great belt of wet swampy earth, called bogland. It is said that there are more than a million and a half acres of this in the central plain of Ireland. What a waste of land, you think. Not at all. It gives to the people their fuel.

This soil contains a great deal of vegetable matter. Indeed it is one mass of roots of dead and decaying plants. These lands were once covered with forests. These have decayed and been followed by other forests which have also decayed until the earth for many feet deep is composed of this decayed wood, roots and moss.

The turf that forms these bogs is known as peat. When dried, this peat burns readily, and as wood and

coal are scarce in Ireland the peat is used extensively for fuel.

It is cut up into squares in the summer, dried in the sunshine and stored in or near the cottages for winter use. If the season is wet the peat can not be dried and the people living in the bog-land are obliged to go without fire.

NORTHERN IRELAND.

We shall first visit the northern part of Ireland, and so our ship lands us at Belfast, the chief city of northern Ireland. It is situated at the head of a fine bay, and has one of the best harbors in the kingdom.

Belfast we find to be a lively growing city of over 260,000 people. Although second in population, it is first in trade and manufactures in Ireland. Indeed it is the greatest linen city in the world.

Belfast is also a center for the building of iron steamships. One of our largest steamship lines has its steamers made here.

Belfast has wide, straight streets and many fine buildings. The linen factories, warehouses and flax mills are among the chief objects of interest in the city; these are to be found scattered all over the place. Some of these buildings are so fine that we mistake them for palaces and government buildings.

It is more than likely that the table linen used in your home came from some of these factories. What a fine opportunity to supply ourselves with dainty handkerchiefs. Then, too, we must buy some of the beautiful table cloths, lunch cloths, napkins, doilies and towels to take home as presents for friends.

BELFAST, IRELAND, AND ALBERT MEMORIAL.

Belfast has the finest schools of all the cities of Ireland. Everybody is busy, and so there is little crime.

Many of the people here are Scotch, and indeed there are more of the Scotch people in the north of Ireland than Irish. They have fair complexions, blue eyes, yellow or auburn hair, broad faces and powerful frames.

These people are many of them the descendants of Scottish invaders, who came from the opposite coast of Scotland long ago, and drove the Irish people living

north of Tyrone away. They settled there themselves, and that is why we see so many Scotch faces on the northern seaboard today.

These Scotch-Irish are thrifty, industrious folk. Many of the people of Belfast have made great fortunes, and these live in beautiful country places just outside of the city. The farmers of the northeastern part of Ireland are many of them well-to-do. Their lands are well cultivated, and their homes neat and attractive.

Not a bit of land is allowed to go to waste; the patches of fertile land between the cliffs, rocks and on the hill and mountain sides are planted with potatoes. On the level land flax and oats are cultivated. If there is land good for nothing else, the cow and goat are allowed to hunt for food there.

We shall next take some excursions into the country near Belfast. We wish to see the Giant's Causeway for one thing, for it is one of the greatest curiosities of Ireland or of the world. We can go either by land or water, but prefer to go by land, as we wish to see what the Irish railways are like.

TRAVEL IN IRELAND.

The Irish railways are not as good as those in the States. The cars are rather shabby looking and not always clean. They are divided into compartments containing six or eight seats, arranged so that half the passengers ride backwards.

These compartments are not connected. The guards pass, not through the cars but along the outside, to examine tickets. The cars are not warmed as ours

are. In winter they are heated with hot water foot warmers. It seems very odd to us.

There are no dining cars, no ice water to drink, no newsboy. If we want food and drink we must take them in baskets. But then the distances are not great and the journeys not at all tiresome.

The first thing we notice is the rich green of the land. In the valleys the streams are bordered by plants, trees and vines so luxuriant as to make it seem as if we were in the tropics. But there are also bleak looking mountains, and wild moors covered with heather, and desolate stretches of bog lands.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

As we approach the northeastern coast we observe the basaltic nature of the stone. It is a lava poured out from a great volcano ages ago. On this part of the coast it is hundreds of feet in thickness.

*Causeway means a paved street. This Causeway looks to us like a large unfinished pier. It is made up of innumerable rock pillars, rising out of the water. These are so close together as to form a paved pathway, which leads downward into the sea.

When we walk out to the center of the great slope we find that the columns are of different shapes. Some are three-sided, some five-sided, and so on up to columns having nine sides. The columns are formed of many pieces from one to two feet high, wedged closely together.

It is said that the Causeway does not stop where it appears to, but that it continues under the water to the opposite coast of Scotland. This may be true, for

*Causeway really means an *elevated* paved walk.

the same columns appear on an island just off Scotland's coast.

There is an old Irish legend that accounts for this Causeway. This tells us that it was built by an Irish giant, out of politeness to a Scottish giant. He invited

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

his rival over for a fight, but the Scottish giant was not able to swim. This roadway was then built in order that he might walk across. It was broken by the sea but the two ends have remained standing as we see them to-day.

ALONG THE COAST.

A ride along the coast shows us other rocks, some black, some white, which take on various forms. There are many caves and arches along this coast, and near it Sea Gull Island, a broad, flat rock, which takes its name from the sea gulls that come there. Thousands and thousands of these birds are on and about this island, and one can hear their wild cries a long distance.

Not far from the island is the highest promontory on the coast. It is formed of columnar greenstone, and some of its pillars are more than two hundred feet in height. Its rocks and its cliffs make it look like a ruined castle. Near this spot, perched on desolate crags are the ruins of two old castles, once inhabited by powerful and war-like families.

Then there is a chasm sixty or seventy feet wide which separates the little island of Carrick-a-Rede, a salmon fishing station, from the mainland. Over this cavern, more than a hundred feet above the sea, is a swinging bridge, but we have no desire to cross it.

Another excursion from Belfast takes us to Antrim, a quiet little village where we have an opportunity to see one of the *round towers* of Ireland, of which we have heard. This tower is almost a hundred feet high with a place in the top for a bell.

We are told that we will see a number of these during our journey, as they are to be found in many places. Some towers are in perfect condition, and others in ruins. Some of them are smaller than this and others larger.

They vary in diameter from eight to fifteen feet, are perfectly round and their doors are several feet from the ground. Each floor has several windows to light it, except the upper floor, which has four windows facing the points of the compass.

No one knows what these towers are for, but it is supposed that they were watch towers used by the ancient Irish.

ROPE BRIDGE, CARRICK-A-REDE.

DUBLIN.

Dublin, Ireland's largest city and former capital, is also situated on the eastern coast. It has a very beautiful bay, which reminds us of the song we have heard sung by Irish friends in America:

> Oh! Bay of Dublin! My heart you'se troublin';
> Your beauty haunts me like a fever dream.

Dublin is the oldest, the finest and perhaps the most interesting city we shall visit. It is built on both

SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.

sides of the Liffey River, a muddy and not over fragrant stream. Its great thoroughfare, Sackville Street, is broad, but not a beautiful avenue. Its buildings have a dingy look. Many people call this O'Connell Street, because at the head of the bridge named after

this famous Irish patriot, stands a monument supporting his statue in bronze.

We are told that the most important public buildings to see are the University, the Bank of Ireland, The Four Courts, the Castle, the National Gallery, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Christ Church, and the Custom House.

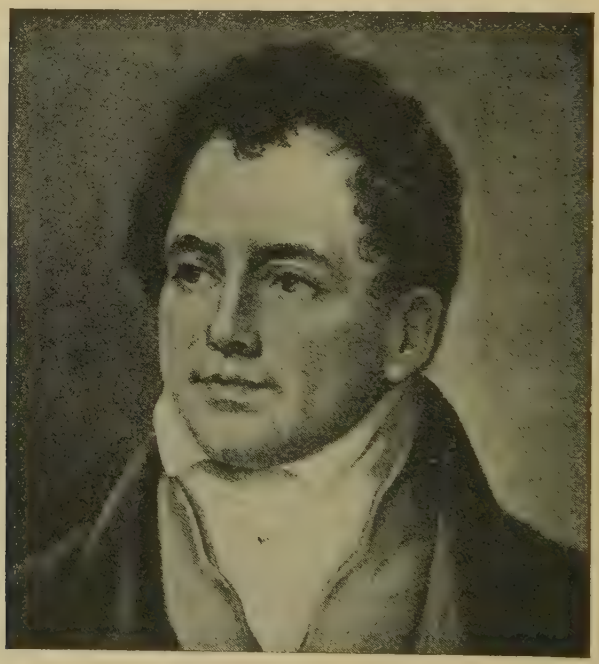
The Bank of Ireland occupies the building once used by the Irish Parliament. The custom house on the river banks is an imposing structure. Nearly opposite the bank is the Dublin University or Trinity College, which is perhaps the most interesting of all these places. It is a very famous old building, modeled after the great English universities. It is surrounded by beautiful trees and lawns, and at the gate are statues of three of Ireland's famous men—Oliver Goldsmith, the writer, Edmund Burke, the orator, and Henry Grattan. Not far away is a statue of Thomas Moore, the poet.

Dublin is sometimes called the "city of statues," because there are so many in the parks, public squares and avenues. A memorial of the Irish patriot, Daniel O'Connell, stands in the cemetery. It is built like the round tower that we saw near Belfast, but is much larger. There is also an obelisk erected to the memory of the Duke of Wellington, who was born in Dublin. The people point to this with pride, and remind us that their great duke conquered Napoleon.

No nation in the world so honors its great men as does Ireland. And it has produced many of them. Among its famous writers are Dean Swift, Moore and

Goldsmith. We have all read of these men, for their names are known wherever stories are read and songs sung.

So much beautiful poetry has been written about Ireland that it is sometimes called the "Isle of Song."



THOMAS MOORE.

Goldsmith's poems appeal particularly to those far away from home in strange lands, as are so many of his countrymen now. But Moore is the favorite, and is called Ireland's greatest poet.

Both Goldsmith and Moore were educated in Dublin, and though some claim that Moore's birthplace

was in London, the Irish people tell us that it was in this city. The building that is shown us as his first home is a plain, tall house, the lower part being used as a grocery. It is said that Moore's father was a grocer, too.

In the window of the upper story is a niche in which stands a bust of the poet. We buy little pictures of Moore at a shop near by, to carry home with us as souvenirs, and further celebrate the occasion by singing some of his poems that have been set to music.

"The Last Rose of Summer" and "Those Evening Bells," we know, but some of us cannot remember the words of "The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls." Perhaps it is because we do not understand exactly what they mean.

About thirty miles from Dublin is a famous hill called Tara. It was here that the palace of the old Irish kings stood. In its banquet halls the music-loving chiefs and the minstrels with their harps, provided amusement for their kings.

The castles, and kings, the musicians and their harps, the noble lords and ladies that once thronged the banquet halls are gone, and nothing is left but a collection of mounds. But as long as this song lives the place will not be forgotten.

Phoenix Park we find to be one of the finest parks we have ever seen. It is said to be one of the largest in the world, as it contains over 1,700 acres. Grand old trees are scattered over it, gardens carefully tended, meadows on which cows, sheep and deer feed, and lovely little lakes.

The zoological gardens within it contain many rare birds and animals. The sick soldiers from the royal infirmary near may often be seen walking about in its shady avenues. The reviews and sham fights are also held here, and at these times all Dublin turns out to see the show in the park.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

The most famous cathedral is that of St Patrick's, and next in importance is Christ Church. St. Patrick's is famed because it is said to occupy the site of the first church in Ireland, built by St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland. Jonathan Swift was once dean of

this cathedral, and his monument is in the church. Do you know what a *dean* is? You perhaps remember him as the man who wrote "Gulliver's Travels."

Dublin is not a manufacturing city, and has not the air of enterprise and prosperity that is so noticeable in Belfast. The manufacture of poplin is almost the only important one the city has left, though considerable liquor is made here, as in all the large cities in Ireland. The Irishman is as fond of whisky as the Englishman is of ale and beer. Much of the whisky is used in this country, but a large amount is also sent to other countries.

Dublin is a wealthy city, but there is much more poverty here than in any other city in the United Kingdom. One-eighth of its inhabitants are said to be paupers, and one-quarter miserably poor.

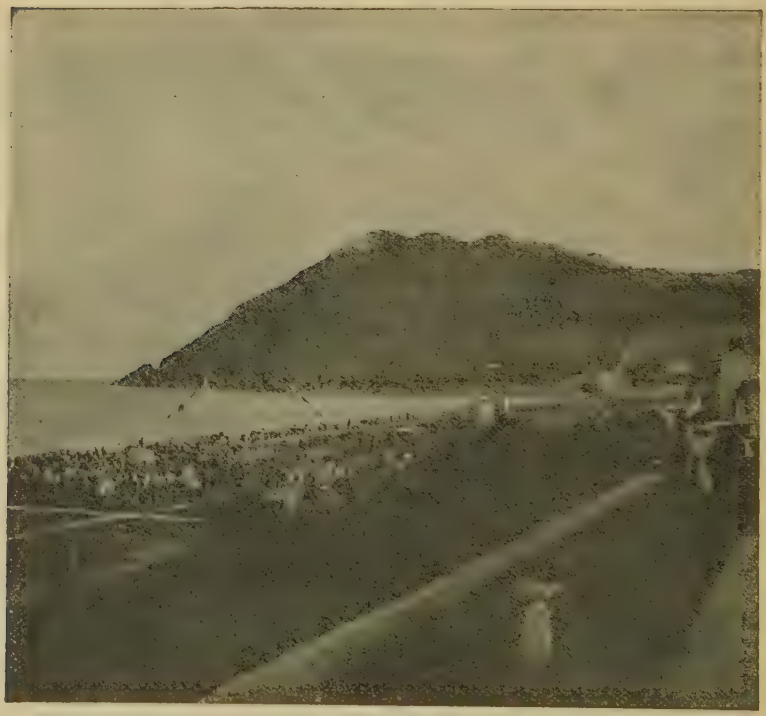
These poor people are crowded together like sheep, in the wretched sections of the city. The houses are tumble-down tenements or dirty hovels. There are many grog shops and pawn shops everywhere. Ragged, barefooted women and children with pale, pinched, hungry faces walk about the streets selling papers, or a few vegetables.

Some of this poverty we are told is due to lack of thrift and diligence. The people are too generous and light-hearted to provide for the future. But there is no employment for large numbers of them, and they are too much attached to their beloved city to leave.

The fertile slopes along the river outside the city are devoted to the cultivation of strawberries. During the season many take jaunting cars after

sundown and drive out along the river road to the strawberry beds. Here are strawberry stalls and markets where tea, hot cake and strawberries are served.

The wealthy people of Dublin live in the suburbs, and most of the beautiful homes are to be found there.



BRAY, A SEASIDE RESORT NEAR DUBLIN.

Dublin is not a pleasant city during the summer months, and so those who can afford it go then for pure air and sea bathing to some pretty little seaside resort.

The streets of these places are filled with fashionably dressed, fine looking men and women, who appear to have a very gay time. They seem to have nothing to do but enjoy themselves, and it is a relief to get away from the dirt, distress and annoyance of the city and see only happy, smiling faces, and contented prosperous people.

When the weather is cooler these people will return to their pretty country places and homes in the suburbs of Dublin. Suppose we take a ride out into the suburbs and the country beyond, and visit some of these homes.

THE JAUNTING CAR.

Now for a ride in a jaunting car, the national vehicle of Ireland. It is a two wheeled open car with the seats placed back to back. The driver's seat faces the horse. This car holds six people, but there are smaller ones that carry only four persons.

We give the driver directions as to where we wish to go, and the next instant we are tearing down the street at break-neck speed. Directly in front of us is another jaunting car and in it a party of Irish people.

The car rattles and bounces up and down, shaking right well its passengers, who are having the jolliest kind of a time.

Tho the car seems at first awkward and uncomfortable to us, we soon get accustomed to it and enjoy it. There is one inconvenient thing about it, though, it gives us a view of but one side of the road.

It is much better than walking, however, and I will tell you why. If we were to walk out into the suburbs expecting to see some of the fine homes there, we would be sadly disappointed. We should see noth-

AN IRISH JAUNTING CAR.

ing or very little but miles and miles of high stone walls. These people shut themselves in from the public by building walls eight or ten feet high around their parks, lawns or gardens.

SUBURBAN AND COUNTRY HOMES.

A good friend who knows of our wish to visit one of these country homes, has given us a letter of introduction and so we are sure of a pleasant reception, for

these suburban Dublin people and country squires are the most hospitable people in the world.

We drive up long shaded avenues to reach these homes, which are large and comfortable, but usually plain. The people seem to pride themselves more on their beautiful grounds than on fine houses. The houses are surrounded by well kept lawns, shaded by grand old trees, and often there are large parks where game is kept. They have fine gardens, hot houses and stables full of high bred horses, for the Irish people are fond of out door life and open air sports.

Inside these great houses one sees fine books and pictures, rare china, and all kinds of luxuries.

Nothing could be more pleasant than life in one of these country homes. The people entertain a great deal and are delightful talkers.

The squire spends his time in looking after his estate and the welfare of his tenants. He sees that the poor do not suffer, looks after the sick, and settles the differences of his tenants. For amusement he hunts, fishes, rides and drives, for the air is mild and the weather never too hot.

The large farms are divided into small tracts of land, tiny houses built on them and rented. Some of these land owners have as many as eight thousand tenants on their farms. In this way the whole country is covered with scattered houses, near enough to each other to allow the people to visit back and forth daily.

Let us now visit some of the more humble country homes. Those by the roadside are built of stone, with

whitewashed walls and thatched roofs. The yards are littered with rubbish and the surroundings of the buildings not at all attractive.

The guide points out one poor home which he wishes us to visit. From it we can get an idea of the way some of the poorest peasants live. One can usually buy a glass of milk or buttermilk, or a pair of yarn stockings at these cottage homes. Buttermilk is the favorite drink of the people. Where the family is too poor to own a cow, a goat is often kept.

We have had a long ride and are glad of the opportunity to stop for refreshments. So we follow our guide to this little home.

The cabin stands just a few feet from the public road. The ground about it is a large mud puddle. There is no yard fenced in, and no ground near by for cultivation. Not a tree, nor plant, nor vine, nor garden to brighten the surroundings.

The house is a very poor home, indeed, just a low hut. The walls are of hardened mud, mixed with straw. It has been a wet season, and they are covered with a green mold. The floor is also of mud, as hard as cement. The roof is thatched with straw, and when it rains very hard the water oozes through the rotten thatch.

There is but one room in this house, and here the father, mother and children all live, eat and sleep. And not only the family, but the chickens, and sometimes the pig and goat. Nests are hung on the walls that the hens may lay their eggs.

There is almost no furniture, just a couple of stools,

a bench, a table and a spinning-wheel. When the mother wishes to spin she takes her wheel out doors or places it by the low, narrow open door, for the cabin has no window. The cabin door is in two halves, the upper half being open and the lower half shut. The

INTERIOR OF PEASANT'S HOME

family use this in place of the window, and the chickens find it convenient also, in mounting to their roosts inside. If it is very cold or stormy, the cow, pig, goat and donkey have a corner in the hut; that is, if the people are lucky enough to own these animals.

What about the stove? There is none. There is a

narrow chimney and an open hearth. This is of earth, and the fire of peat is laid on it. Everything in the cottage is black and dirty from the peat smoke. The peat makes a brisk, hot fire, and gives out an odor which is pleasant to those who are used to it.

When we enter, the mistress of the house dusts the stools, and asks us to sit down and warm ourselves. Then she turns out the burning surface of the turf which is on the hearth. She shakes her head very sadly, and tells us that she fears it will go hard with them this year. It has been a wet season, and impossible to dry peat for their winter supply of fuel. They cannot afford to buy wood or coal from their landlord, and so, much of the time they must be without fire. The potato crop, too, is not so good as usual. Rainy weather rots the potatoes.

The bread, when there is any, is baked in a flat-bottomed kettle on the hearth. Oatmeal and potatoes are almost the only articles of food in many of these homes. Meat and tea are luxuries to be used only on holidays, Sundays or in sickness. The eggs, poultry and pigs are all taken to market and sold.

But milk they have, yes, and right willing is she to sell us some. Delighted with the coins we give her, she accompanies us to the door with a beaming face and blessings without number.

A little farther on we visit another home, a better one. This is built of stone and contains two or more rooms. It also has windows, and is lighter and cleaner. The house has a wide hearth, with seats of clay built on either side of the chimney.

Strings of onions, and flitches of bacon hang in the chimney. The furniture is very simple; there is a dresser with some crockery, a bed in the corner, and

IRISH PEASANT WOMAN AND SPINNING WHEEL.

a bright colored picture of St. Patrick on the wall. The bed is a settle which is used as a seat by day and

a bed at night. Whether the farmer is poor or well-to-do, the kitchen is used as the sitting room. There may be a parlor with papered walls and good furniture, but it is used only on extra occasions.

Many of the homes in Ireland are like the peasants' homes we have just visited. The people are poor. They support themselves by growing a few vegetables upon a small patch of land, and by keeping a pig or two, a little poultry, and if very fortunate, a cow.

Why are these people so poor, we ask, and the peasants tell us that their bad fortune is due to England. Their beloved Dublin was once the seat of government of Ireland, but their Parliament has been taken away, and the country has suffered much under English rule. Perhaps we will understand better when we know something about the government of Ireland.

THE GOVERNMENT.

Ireland was at one time an independent kingdom but is now an English possession. The union of Great Britain took place one hundred years ago, and a sorry time of it poor Ireland has had since then.

When the English took possession of the land, they took it away from the people and gave it to the chiefs or lords. These lords then rented the land to the people and compelled them also to fight for them in time of war. This made them little better than slaves.

The chiefs in their turn were obliged to pay taxes to the English king, and to support the English government. After a time they rebelled against this plan

and then the English rulers took away much of their land and gave it to the English people.

Much of the land today is owned by English landlords who live in England or some other part of Europe. They draw their rents from their farms but are not interested in Ireland, and spend this money elsewhere.

The great farms or estates of these absent landlords are in charge of overseers, who are not often interested in their tenants or their welfare. They are there to get as much rent for the land as possible, and if the crops fail, or from sickness or other causes the tenants can not pay their rent the overseer sometimes turns them out.

There is no place then for them to go, and nothing to do but beg. Sometimes the miserable little homes are torn down or burned to keep tenants from returning to them. Do you see now why the people are so poor? This, they say, is the reason why so many of them must emigrate to other lands to find homes.

But there are some who have lived in these homes all their lives. Their fathers and grand-fathers lived there before them and they love their poor little cabins so much that they would rather remain there without enough to eat than to leave their friends and relatives and seek a strange land.

Many of them feel that the land is theirs by right, and that a great injustice has been done them by England. Sometimes when the landlords turn them out they revolt, and in their fury they kill the overseer or landlord and burn or destroy his property, just as the strikers do in this country in their riots.

To guard against these troubles a very large police force is kept in Ireland to keep the peace and prevent outbreaks. We have wondered many a time why there were so many Irish policemen in the United States, and some of our party now say that it must be because this is what most of the young Irishmen have been trained for before coming to our country. Others say that they are selected to fill these positions because they are such fine big men and such good fighters. Do you think either of these opinions correct?

Ireland's laws are made in England. Representatives are sent from Ireland to the English parliament to assist in making the laws, but the Irish people are not satisfied. They want to make their own laws.

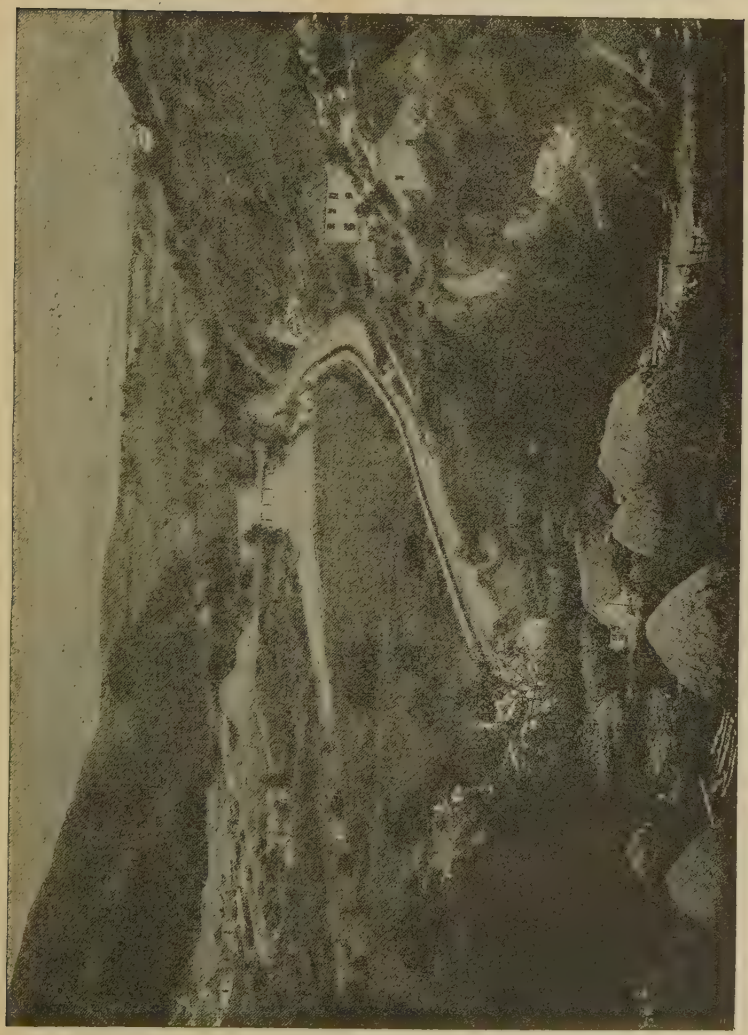
The Irish people have had one good friend among the English statesmen, Gladstone, at one time the Prime Minister of England. He tried to have the land system changed so that the people would have a chance to earn their own homes.

He did not succeed, but the people still hope that the day will come when their land will be their own again. Many brave and patriotic Irishmen have spent their lives or given them in trying to free their country from English rule.

THE VALE OF AVOCA.

"There's not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale on whose bosom the bright waters meet."

Someone out on the street is singing this song and it reminds us that the Vale of Thomas Moore's song is near Dublin, in the Wicklow mountain region. Many



THE BEAUTIFUL VALE OF AVOCA.

Irish and English people have spoken to us of this place, which is considered one of the most beautiful in the Emerald Isle. "The Meeting of the Waters," one of Moore's famous verses, was written at a point where the two rivers Avonbeg and Avonmore meet and form the river Avoca. It is in a pleasant valley surrounded by hills, but we have seen many valleys more lovely. One can see here the slab which marks the place where Moore wrote his poem.

In the Wicklow region is Glenmalure, a wild, solitary pass which is often visited by travellers. There are several cascades near this spot, but the one which we most admire is the Fall of Poulapanca, formed by the Liffey river passing thro the Glen of Kippure. This is probably the most famous cascade in Ireland.

But we must hasten on to Galway. We pass thro a beautiful region, but have only time for glimpses of cascades, waterfalls, ruined castles and historical spots. One place on our route, called Ballinasloe is remarkable for its great cattle fairs, which are attended by people from all parts of Europe. The mountains of Connemara can be seen from our car windows, and in the valley the tiny houses and farms of the peasants.

In Galway county, the second largest of Ireland, we see the wildest of scenery and stretches entirely uncultivated. In this county there are 130 lakes.

The western part of Ireland is mountainous and rocky. Between the hills are moor lands, bogs, and valleys. Along the shores the cliffs are steep, some of them being hundreds of feet high. There are many caves on this coast, and islands where the sea fowl live, just as on the eastern coast.

POULAPANCA FALLS, IRELAND.

We find no towns on the coast, excepting Galway and a few fishing villages.

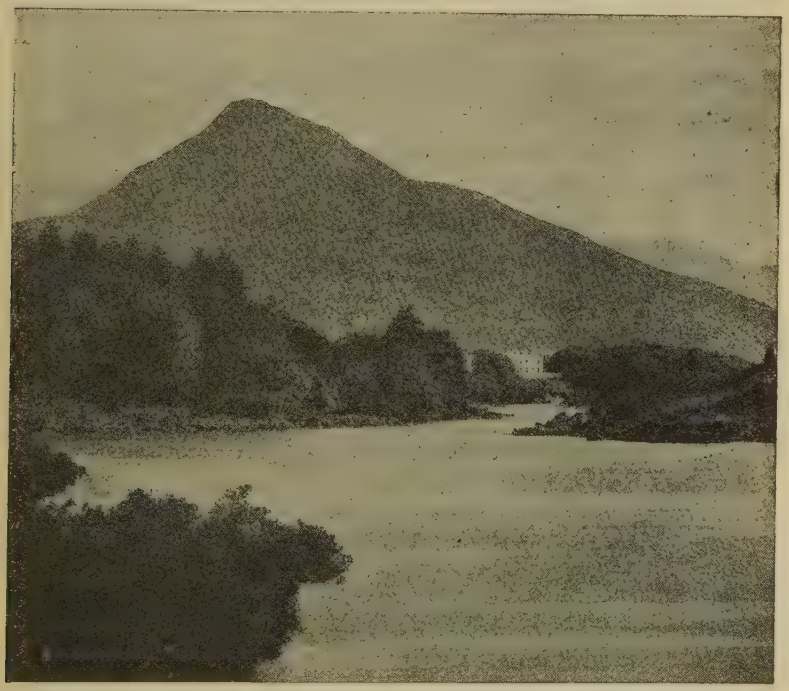
CONNEMARA MOUNTAINS, ERRIFF PASS, AND PEASANT'S FARM AND HOME.

GALWAY.

Galway is the capital of western Ireland and boasts a population of about 15,000. It is said to be the nearest point to the American coast. It is a quiet town and has not the enterprise of the seaport towns of the eastern coast.

Many years ago Galway carried on a large trade

with Spain, and the Spaniards who came here have many descendents in Galway to-day. Numbers of the people have dark eyes and hair and dark complexions. In some parts of the city we see houses built like those of Spain, and the women wear their clothes much after the fashion of Spanish women. They like bright col-



GALWAY SCENERY.

ors, and wear black and blue cloaks, thrown over the head after the manner of the women whom we saw in Cuba and Mexico.

One of the interesting parts of the town to visit is Claddagh, the fishers' quarters near the harbor. Here

we find the people clinging to the ancient Irish language, customs and dress. They have nothing to do with the other people of the town and have their own government.

These people are very superstitious and on days that they think unlucky they will not go out in their fishing boats even if they should see the bay full of fish. They are very jealous of their right as fishers in Galway Bay, and fishers who intrude are apt to have their nets cut.

Not far from Galway is Limerick. It is situated on the Shannon River, the longest river in Ireland and celebrated for its salmon.

The Shannon flows through a large number of lakes, the largest being Lough Derg. At one place in the river is Doonas Rapids, where the whole river pours over the rocks for half a mile in steep descent. It is a most beautiful and picturesque spot.

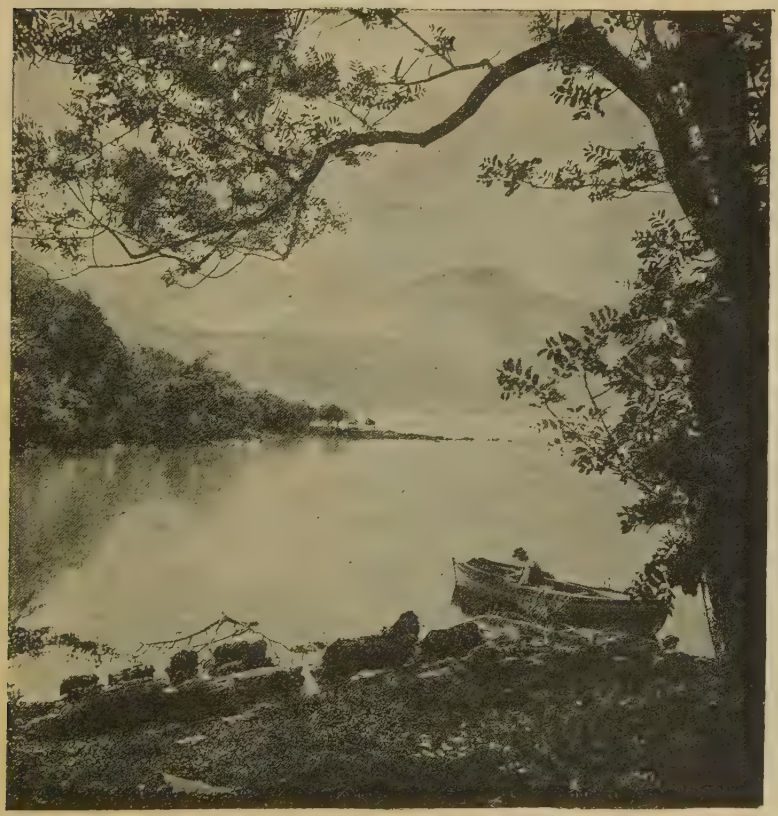
LIMERICK.

Limerick is the fourth city in population in Ireland. It claims 37,000 people. It is celebrated for the manufacture of lace and fish-hooks. Two kinds of lace are made, pillow lace and loom lace. The pillow lace is made by hand. The women work the patterns on small pillows. This is much finer and more expensive than that made by machinery.

Of course we must buy lace to take home, but the fish-hooks we have no use for. But if tourists do not buy many fish-hooks, the Irish people do, for Ireland's fisheries are valuable.

The women of Limerick are said to be the prettiest

of all the women of Ireland. Many of them have dark Spanish faces, like those we saw in Galway, but others have gray or hazel eyes, brown hair, pale complexions, and oval faces. They are very graceful, and in their talk and actions make us think of American women.



AT INNISFALLEN, LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

Few people ever come to Ireland, even for a brief visit, without a trip to the Killarney country. It is

called the jewel of Ireland, and it is certainly the most beautiful spot we have found in all Ireland, or any other land.

This trip takes several days, and much of the time must be spent on the jaunting car. The lakes lie in a deep valley surrounded by high mountains. Each lake is dotted with tiny islands and is bordered by beautiful shores.

Killarney is a little town of about six thousand. We go from this place to the famous Gap of Dunloe and then to the upper lake. This gap is a narrow, deep ravine between rocks which in places are over 3,000 feet high. It is four miles in length, and we must walk through it or use sure footed little ponies that know their way. A little stream flows the length of the chasm. Huge overhanging rocks darken the pathway and make it very gloomy. Our Irish guide tells us that a giant, by one stroke of his sword, divided the mountains and left them apart in this way. This is the place where St. Patrick is said to have banished the last snake of Ireland.

At the upper lake we take a boat and continue our trip on water. A channel leads from this to the Middle Lake. It is very narrow and in one place is a perpendicular cliff two thousand feet high, called Eagle's Nest. This is noted for its echoes. When we cry out "Hello," the word is echoed again and again. Going on our way it seems that the islands in this lake are without number. By and by we come to Middle Lake and to an old bridge, through which the boats are swiftly carried by the force of the current.

In the Lower Lake is a lovely island called Ross Island. It has been turned into a park which is open to the public. Upon its shore stands Ross Castle in ruins and nearly covered with ivy.

There are many legends connected with this island, and these the Irish people declare to be true. One of the legends tells us that every seven years a member

OLD WIER BRIDGE, KILLARNEY.

of the O'Donohue family, who formerly owned the castle, comes from his grave and rides on a white horse over to his old home. The instant he reaches it he blows a blast of his horn and the castle is rebuilt as if by magic, and just as it was hundreds of years ago. With the dawn of day the castle falls into ruins again.

Innisfallen Island, near-by, Moore has told us of.

BEAUTIFUL GLENDALOUGH, WICKLOW

"Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile,
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
When first I saw that fairy isle."

Near Killarney are the ruins of Muckross Abbey. These are in the grounds belonging to a park. The owner charges us a shilling to see the church and monastery. The money paid by tourists for this privilege is used to keep the place in repair.

ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY.

IRISH CASTLES.

We find the ruins of these old abbeys, castles and fortresses extremely interesting. After seeing the many strongholds and fortified castles throughout the country we are ready to believe the ancient Irish were a

warlike race. These castles have usually been situated on secluded little islands in lakes, like Ross Castle, on hills that commanded a view of the surrounding plains or valley, or on high rocky points or promontories, as those on the northern coast.

The chiefs selected these places because it enabled them to defend themselves from their enemies. There was little law in the country and each chief was obliged to defend his own castle. He gathered about him all the people of his own clan or family, his tenants and servants, and armed them.

Watch towers were erected and in these towers watchmen were constantly on guard. When the enemy was seen approaching an alarm was given and the people employed on the land of the nobleman all flocked to the shelter of the castle.

The walls of the castle were of stone and very thick and high. The castle was also surrounded by a deep, wide ditch called a moat. Across the moat was a bridge that might be drawn up in case of an attack. Thick, heavy iron doors at the end of the bridge, admitted one to the castle.

Underneath the castle were dungeons for prisoners, for there were no prisons in those days. If enemies were captured they were kept in these places. In the center of the castle was a great hall, where not only the chief or nobleman, but all his friends, relatives, servants and tenants could eat at the same time. At such times whole roasted oxen, sheep and pigs were served on a long, rude table. How we would like to have seen one of these companies.

The banquet halls are in ruins now. In many cases little but the walls of the building remain. The floors and roof are fallen in; the windows without glass, or even sash. Yet the ruins are beautiful because covered from cellar to roof with a green mat of ivy.

Every castle has a most interesting history and a ghost story. The people themselves believe the ghost stories just as firmly as the history of each castle.

MUCKRASS ABBEY. KILLARNEY.

CORK.

Now let us journey on to Cork, almost the last city we shall visit. It is situated on the river Lee, about twelve miles from Cork and Queenstown harbor. It is Ireland's third city in size, numbering 100,000 people.

Cork's Cathedral, St. Finbar's, is one of the finest of Ireland and well worth a visit, but St. Anne's Church is the one that attracts most tourists. Its

ST. FINBAR'S CATHEDRAL, CORK.

steeple is visible from every part of the city. This Shandon steeple is composed of red and white limestone, three sides being white and one red. It contains the famous Shandon bells, of which Father Prout has told us:

The bells of Shandon,
They sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

The people are very proud of their "Queen's College," which is on a height overlooking the city and commands a fine view.

Cork is sometimes called the "Beautiful City," because of its lovely surrounding country, its trees and grassy lawns, but we find also much poverty and squalor.

At the end of St. Patrick street we are shown a bronze statue of Father Mathew, of whom the people speak with much affection and gratitude. And well they may, for he has done more for Ireland than any man since the days of St. Patrick.

Sixty-two years ago Ireland was one of the most intemperate countries in the world. It seemed almost hopelessly degraded and beggared by drink. Father Mathew was a Catholic priest living in Cork. He saw the misery and want brought by the use of drink and began to preach temperance to the people of his city.

When he had persuaded many of them to sign the pledge he traveled about to other cities forming temperance societies and asking people to do so. In two and a half years two and a half million people took the pledge, and before his work was completed five million people had signed the pledge.

St. Patrick's Bridge, crossing the Lee in the center of Cork, is broader than any bridge across the Thames excepting the Westminster Bridge at London.

The river is guarded with thick walls lined with shipping as far as the eye can see. Along the river is a celebrated promenade called the Mardyke. It is a fine, broad avenue sheltered by magnificent old elm trees. No carriages are allowed on this avenue, but people stroll up and down in the shade of the trees all day long.

One of the sights of Cork is the coal quay in the lower part of the city down the river. This is not a coal quay in reality, but a kind of bazaar. It is a large building divided by rows of counters on which are all kinds of second hand goods. Saturday evenings the place is thronged with working people intent on making purchases or amusing themselves. Sometimes merchants mount upon boxes or counters and extol the merits of their goods with a great deal of eloquence. Numbers of the persons in the place are so ragged that they remind us of scarecrows. But this does not prevent them from enjoying themselves, and the scene is a lively one.

THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

The people of Ireland have a language of their own, as have the Welsh and Scotch, but English is the language in most parts of the country. It is said that not more than one-sixth of the people use the ancient Irish tongue.

The educated, wealthy and well-to-do people live much as the same class of people live in England or the United States. The peasants, farmers and laborers, however, live quite differently, and they are the

people whom we wish most to see. The peasants cling to old habits and customs that one does not find among the higher classes, and for this reason the traveller finds much more of interest in their lives. This is true of every country where a peasant class exists.

The Irish peasants are kindly, good natured, quick-witted, generous and energetic. Their active out-of-door life makes them healthy and strong. In the north we find them neat, diligent and progressive, but this is not true of all.

They are extremely hospitable people, cheerfully sharing their last bite with a needy neighbor. The Irish have the most cheerful, hopeful, happy dispositions of any people in the world. They may not have a penny or a bite to eat and yet can enjoy themselves, laughing and dancing, and singing as gaily all the while as tho they were the most lucky mortals on earth. If there is any work they are ready to do it. If not, it does not appear to worry them.

They are a very social people, and fond of visiting. At night after the day's work is done they gather in groups in the cabins clustered near each other, and spend the time talking, smoking and singing together. They are extremely fond of amusements and hold many fairs, dances and festivals. Music is with them a favorite recreation.

In appearance they are just as different as the parts of the country in which they live. In the north we found the people with light complexions and blue eyes; in the central and mountainous districts they have

gray eyes, brown hair, and short strong figures. The people of the west are dark and have graceful figures. But almost all have fine complexions.

While at work about their homes and in the fields both men and women go about with bare heads and feet. The women wear short skirts of coarse material, loose cotton waists and large aprons. When attend-

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CORK.

ing fairs or parties the young girls who can afford it, wear bright cotton dresses, thick shoes and yarn stockings.

In the south of Ireland the women go about the streets with shawls drawn over their heads, leaving us only a glimpse of their bright eyes.

The older women wear cloaks with hoods for the

head in case of rain. These cloaks are very precious possessions, for they cost large sums of money, at least they are large to the poor people who buy them. They last a life time and longer, for they are handed down from one generation to another.

AN IRISH PEASANT WOMAN WITH PEAT BASKET.

HOW THEY LIVE.

Very, very few of these people own their own homes or farms. They rent their tiny cabins and little patches of land and raise a few potatoes and vegetables. These do not require much labor and the women and girls usually assist with this, as in England.

We have seen how their homes look and something of their manner of living in Dublin. It is much the same all over the country.

Ireland has the finest of roads and good bridges, and driving through any part of the country is a delight to the traveller. Cork lies in the midst of a rich farming region, but there is much poor soil in the southern part of the island. The farmer has a hard time to make a living there.

There seems to be no waste land. It is all occupied or used for farms, and every place is fenced and worked, even the mountain and bog lands.

The fences are not like ours. Sometimes they are ridges or mounds, set at the top with furz or gorse. Sometimes they are hedges of white thorn. But in parts of the country where the land is, or was stony, the fields are enclosed with stone walls. The farmers find this a good way to dispose of the stones in the soil.

Ireland is too wet for any crops but potatoes, oats, flax and grass. If the season is unusually rainy, the potato crop rots, and then there is much suffering, for the people depend upon this article of food almost entirely.

You may have supposed that the potato was a native of Ireland, but this is not the case. The potato which we call the Irish potato was brought from America. It proved to be so well adapted to the soil that it soon became the principal food product.

The pig is a very important part of the poor man's possessions. Every family tries to keep at least one.

The peasants depend upon it for their meat, unless they should happen to live near the seashore. In that case fish is substituted.

AN IRISH FARMYARD.

In a time of special need, such as weddings, funerals or sickness, or rent day, the precious pig is driven to the nearest market and disposed of. If there

should be but one, the family must get along without the Sunday dinner of bacon until another little porker can be bought and fattened. It is a wonder how the pig can grow fat on such poor, scant fare as he gets, and sometimes he does not.

Here is the home of a well-to-do farmer. Notice the wagon in his yard. It is exactly like those we have seen the peasants use in hauling produce to town. It is a kind of cart with two large wheels. The farmer is going to market and is just ready to start.

This market is at a country town not far away, and so we decide to drive there, too.

PEAT BOGS.

Our ride takes us through one of the peat bogs of which we have heard so much. If we were to try to walk through this bog, we would find thick, black mud under the pretty growth of green. Stepping from one tuft of grass to another is not an easy thing to do, and we would sink to the knees in mud before we went very far.

In some parts of the country are quaking bogs, and these are dangerous places, for they are really lakes, whose surfaces are covered with growing plants and earth. These in time become bogs of peat also. During a heavy rain a quagmire sometimes becomes filled with water, like a sponge, and swells until it bursts. It then sends out a stream of black, liquid mud, and covers everything near by. Sometimes whole villages have been overwhelmed in this way.

The men working in a peat bog near the road interest us very much, for we wish to see how the people

procure their fuel. The men are digging it and the women carrying it home in baskets. It would seem that this was work better suited to men. When the family can afford to keep a donkey, the baskets of peat are fastened to its back, and thus lightens the labors of the women. Some of this peat is stored in

BEGGARS.

the cottage, but most of it is piled up in stacks near-by.

After the peat and potatoes have been dug, there is little employment for the men, unless they live near cities where factories need their services, and much of the time no work can be secured.

See these beggars coming down the road. They have some shamrocks which they wish to sell us, and beg us so earnestly to buy that we have not the heart to refuse.

Much of our pleasure in travelling in Ireland is taken away by the sight of so much poverty and suffering. In some places we are surrounded by hordes of beggars. It is almost impossible to get away from them. If we give to one, a dozen others clamor for a gift. If we refuse and walk away, they follow us for blocks, and even miles, with oft repeated plaintive requests.

Sometimes tourists pretend to be deaf in order to get rid of them. Sometimes they hire a jaunting car, thinking by driving to get rid of their nuisance, but they even climb up into the carriage and hang on until forcibly put off.

They will declare with tears in their eyes that they are dying of starvation, and perhaps the next instant be laughing and chatting with friends, or dancing a jig on the cobble stones.

Many of these people are entirely dependent upon what they can beg from travelers, and they train their children to beg. It is a pitiful sight to see so many tiny children and mothers with babies in their arms suffering for food. They have a great dread of the work house and prefer to secure a scanty living in this way rather than to be cared for at one of these public institutions. Some of them have no roof to shelter them and spend their nights at some wayside cottage, sleeping by the fire.

SHAMROCK.

The shamrock we have just bought is the national flower of Ireland, just as the thistle is of Scotland and the rose is of England. If you will look carefully at the British coat-of-arms you will see the three flowers growing from one stem. It is a triple leaved delicate little plant, very much like the white clover. It grows on the stone walls, and by the roadside where the soil is poor and trodden hard, and so insignificant is it that we overlooked it entirely at first. But tho plain to our eyes, it is beautiful to the loyal Irish people. They love it and never fail to wear it on St. Patrick's day. The little children are taught to love it too, and to cry "Erin go bragh," which means "Ireland forever." (See cut of flag.)

THE MARKET.

We meet numbers of people also on their way to market as we near the town. There are well-to-do farmers driving traps or jaunting cars, small farmers driving two wheeled donkey carts; men and women mounted upon or leading heavily laden donkeys, and still others walking. Even the smallest cart is sure to be well filled, for all the peasants are not so fortunate as to own a conveyance, and must depend upon their neighbors for a "lift" to town.

Some of the farmers have their carts filled with cans of milk. These are to be taken not to market but to the creamery, where it will be made up into butter for the English market.

Some of the carts and donkeys are loaded with potatoes and others with peat. The peat is hawked from house to house in the town. It is cut into blocks a little larger than a brick.

The town we are entering looks much like the other small towns we have seen. The streets are narrow and have no side-walks. The buildings consist of a large Roman Catholic chapel, a small church, a bank, a hotel, a market house, shops and dwellings. The most of the houses are of stone and very small.

The market place is an interesting and curious sight. We have to go through mud and run the chance of being upset by a pig or cart, but we do not mind that. The market is a good place to study the manners and customs of a people. The women are some of them very beautiful, but the men are not so attractive. The women wear shawls over their heads, or blue or red cloaks, and petticoats of bright colors, but many of the dresses are ragged and not over clean.

Some people are leading pigs or goats and others are carrying eggs, fowls and vegetables, which they have brought in from the country. Some of them walk long distances to come to market.

While generous in giving, and willing to share their last crust with a needy neighbor, the Irish are close, hard bargainers. They express great surprise or anger at the prices offered or asked, and haggle and argue about everything.

Some of the bargains are concluded with a glass of whiskey, and to refuse this would be considered a very

great breach of manners. One glass is pretty sure to lead to another, however, and then fights often occur.

MARKET DAY.

The people hold many fairs, the most noted of these being Donny Brook Fair. This was celebrated for the number of fights in which the people engaged as the result of too much drinking. The Irishman usually uses his fists in these rough and tumble fights, but he sometimes carries another weapon.

This is a club of oak or blackthorn, called shillelah. It is called by this name because the sticks are cut from oak trees at Shillelagh, which is famous for its oaks.

Here is a little country inn. Let us stop for supper.

AN OLD COUNTRY INN.

The rooms at the inn have bare hard wood floors and small windows set deep in the stone walls. But there are curtains at the windows and everything looks neat and clean. The landlady seems very anxious to make us comfortable and soon has the table spread and lunch placed upon it.

In the center of the tea table are placed a large square loaf of bread, a quarter of a cheese, a plate of butter and another of cold roast beef. There is also a sugar bowl, milk pitcher, tea pot and a little box of tea. The tea kettle sits by the side of the grate, and we are expected to make our own tea, and cut our own bread. The landlady runs in and out every few minutes, and asks us many questions about America, before the meal is over.

The day is growing chilly, and we are glad to find a cheerful peat fire in the great living room of the inn.

Around this fire a group of laboring men are gathered. One of them is dancing a jig, and holding a pipe between his teeth all the while. The others are talking, smoking, or drinking glasses of porter which a little maid-servant brings to them. This is the way they spend their evenings after their work is done, and their days, too, when there is no work.

CHILD LIFE.

The children of Ireland are certainly the happiest, merriest little people in the world. This to us seems very strange when we see how many of them live. Often they have not enough to eat, and little to wear. But though they are ragged and dirty and hungry they sing and dance and bubble over with fun and frolic.

They do not mind the rainy weather in the least. They are not afraid of spoiling their good clothes for the very good reason that they have none. Most of their time is spent in the open air, and perhaps this is the reason they grow up to be strong and hearty.

Among the peasants or poor people the boys and girls wear but one garment, and this is apt to be ragged. They have no hats or shoes. The boys dress just as their sisters do until they are nine or ten years of age, when they are put into trousers.

Some of us who are apt to grumble when our meals are not quite to our liking are made ashamed of our discontent when we see what these children have for their food. For breakfast, oatmeal mush and milk; for dinner, potatoes and milk; for supper, mush with-

out milk, very often. On Sundays and holidays, as a special treat they have a chicken or a bit of bacon and perhaps cabbage. And very glad and thankful they are to get enough of this simple food.

The little ones learn to work very early in life if their parents are working people. They help in the field with the potatoes and other crops. Along the coast they gather seaweed and limpets. Sometimes the boys are allowed to go fishing with their fathers, and then they bring home cod, mackerel and herring. If they catch a great many, the children help to pack the fish in salt to keep it for winter use. The seaweed is used both for food and to enrich the land.

In many homes we see the girls busily engaged in weaving linen thread into lace. Along the coast they make a kind of twine of the flax. This twine is used in making fish nets.

Sometimes the children go about with tourists as guides, and sometimes they sell bouquets of shamrock flowers, bits of bog, oak or heather. And many of them beg.

We are surrounded almost every day by crowds of little ones, all begging for a penny. Sometimes they even climb into our carriage. The quickest way to get rid of them is to throw a handful of pennies by the roadside. In the twinkling of an eye every pretty winsome rogue scampers after them and then off we drive.

The first important event in the Irish child's life is its baptism. Among the Catholics this is made much of. A feast is prepared, friends are invited and a time of rejoicing follows.

SCHOOLYARD

The children are early taught the principles of religion, and the history of the Church. The priest keeps a watchful eye on the children of his parish and helps in their training. Aside from these lessons, however, the education of the poorer children is not of the best. The children of the wealthy people have the best of advantages, of course, just as they do in our own country. Their home life is also very much like that of the children of the States, or of England. When the peasant children go to school they must take a penny each week. In winter they must also carry

turf for the school fire. If the family is so fortunate as to own a donkey the peat is carried on its back in a basket. If there is no donkey each child carries his sod of turf.

EDUCATION.

The great poverty of the Irish people has prevented many of them from giving their children good educational advantages, but there are many fine schools and colleges throughout Ireland, for those who can afford to attend them. The University of Dublin or, as it is usually called, Trinity College, is famous throughout the country. The Queen's University has colleges at Belfast, Cork and Galway.

Ireland's universities have always been famous, and formerly drew students from all parts of Europe.

There are many national schools, church schools and private and day schools scattered throughout the country.

THE RELIGIONS OF IRELAND.

With the Irish people religion comes before all. We see this in every act of the people. When they enter a house they greet the family with a "God Save all here." When one wayfarer meets another a hearty "God save you kindly" is passed. When trouble and suffering come they look upon it as the "will of God" and endure their misfortune patiently.

About four fifths of the people are Roman Catholics, one-eighth are Episcopalians and a tenth Presbyterians.

Many of the Scotch-Irish are Presbyterians, and the population of Belfast is almost equally divided between Catholics and Protestants, but all the rest of the country is Catholic.

There is a large party in Ireland called the Orangemen, a secret society of Protestants. This party is constantly at war with the Catholics, and when on holidays, either of these societies parade, the other is pretty sure to ridicule, stone and abuse the rival party. Sometimes these wars are carried on in other countries, for we have heard of Orange riots in America.

THE PRIEST.

The most important and influential person in the Irish town is the priest. He is the busiest man in all the country round. His flock is large and usually a poor one, and it is not often that his door step is without an applicant for help or advice.

No funeral, wedding or christening can be conducted without him. He is the prominent figure at parties and festivals of all kinds. No ceremony is complete without his blessing, and he is always a welcome and much loved guest.

The priest's home is a very splendid place in the eyes of the poor folk of his parish. The books and pictures, the little comforts and luxuries to be found there are subjects of wonder and admiration to them.

If they are in want they turn to their good priest for aid, and it usually comes, and from his own purse. Happy and proud are the father and mother of an Irish priest, and it is the hope and prayer of every devout Irish mother that her boy may be called to this high place in life.

THE DRUIDS.

Scattered about the country are many stones that look like tombstones. These stones have stood here

for many centuries—monuments of Ireland's early religion. The people worshipped through priests called Druids. They were taught to worship the sun, moon and fire, and to offer up human sacrifices to their gods.

For this purpose they built stone altars, upon which to lay sacrifices. These altars were called brom lichs, and consisted of rough stone pillars upon which rested a large flat table stone. Sometimes men, women and children were fastened together, put into cages and burned alive, as human sacrifices.

The priests worshipped in the open air, in groves. Their favorite places were the oak groves. The places where they performed their religious rites were sacred and were fenced about with stones to keep out intruders.

There is much about their religion that we do not know, because their priests would not allow their mysteries to be written. Everything was taught by word of mouth only, and in this way the religion was kept alive and yet secret from the world.

You wonder perhaps how those people who could neither read nor write, and who were so ignorant and superstitious, could have become Christians, as they are today.

It was due largely to the efforts and work of a very good man who came to Ireland as a slave, and was afterwards sainted.

THE STORY OF ST. PATRICK.

Ireland is sometimes called the "Isle of Saints" because it has been the home of so many sainted men.

First in rank among them is Saint Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, whom every boy is taught to revere and respect.

It was he who converted the people from Druidism to the Christian faith, and so he has been called the Apostle of Ireland. It is in his memory that the people wear the shamrock on the 17th of March. This was the day of his birth and also of his death.

Some say he was born in Scotland, and was the son of a clergyman. Others, that he was a Frenchman, the son of a prosperous citizen of Boulogne. But at any rate this does not matter. He became a very good Irishman in time.

When a lad of about sixteen he was captured by Irish pirates who visited his home, was carried to Ireland and sold as a slave. His master, who was a chief or nobleman, set him to keep his sheep. For six years the boy remained with this master.

A shepherd has a lonely life and plenty of time to think; and as Patrick lay out on the hills by night, watching his flocks, his mind was always busy. He often thought of his own people, and how he might escape from his master and get back to them.

But his chief thought was of the heathen Irish. He saw that they were kind hearted people, and willing to learn, but that they often did foolish and cruel things, because no one had ever taught them a better way of life.

At last, after long and weary waiting, Patrick was able to slip away without being seen, and made his way to the seashore. There he found a ship which carried him back to his own home.

Now that he was free once more, he did not forget his Irish friends, or their needs. He set to work at once to learn from the wisest and best men he could find, so that he might become a priest or minister.

He went to the Pope, who was the head of the Catholic church, and asked him for help that he might go back to the Irish people and teach them a better way of living. When this was granted he started back to the land he had left so many years ago, a slave. He took with him a ship and a few friends to assist him.

He tried to land near Dublin, but the people would not permit him to do so. He then went northward and landed in Antrim, where he had been a slave. There was a herdsman keeping cattle near the shore when Patrick's ship came in, and when he saw the strangers he thought they must be pirates.

He left his herd, and ran swiftly to the home of his master and told him to make ready to defend himself. The chief took his sword, his spear and shield, gathered his servants and tenants and armed them, and then came down to the shore to drive away the invaders or new-comers.

He was much astonished when he found who they were. When their errand was known he welcomed them kindly to his house. Here Patrick and his followers staid for a time and before they went away the chief had become a Christian.

From this time on, for more than fifty years, Patrick devoted himself to the work he had set himself to do. He went from place to place preaching and teaching. This was not an easy or pleasant thing to do in those times, for he had many enemies.

The Druid priests tried to drive him out of the country, and he was often in danger of his life. The people at first did not understand what Patrick wanted, and did not like to give up their heathen worship of the sun, and moon, of stones and water, trees and fairies.

Neither did they like the new laws which were made by wise men of Ireland, at Patrick's advice, tho they were better than the old ones. The Irish could not read the books Patrick brought with him, for they did not know the letters.

The teachers therefore cut the alphabet on thin flat laths of wood about a yard long and two inches broad, and gave them to the people so that they might copy them, and in this way learn to read.

It is said that Ireland was once infested with snakes and that St. Patrick drove them all out. In Wicklow county, near Dublin, is a lake called Lower Lake, about a fourth of a mile long. Into this it is said the last of the snakes was banished. This is supposed to mean that there he overthrew the last of serpent worship, which was practiced by the Irish when he came to Ireland. A rich man in the north of Ireland gave him a little plat of land on a hill-top, and there he built a church and a little house for himself and followers.

This church is the most famous of all that Patrick built, and it is the chief one of Ireland to this day. Before Patrick died the greater part of the people became Christians through his teaching.

The work begun by Patrick was carried on by other good men until Ireland was famed throughout Europe

for its piety and learning. Its preachers and teachers were sent to all parts of Europe,and Ireland took foremost rank in religion and learning.

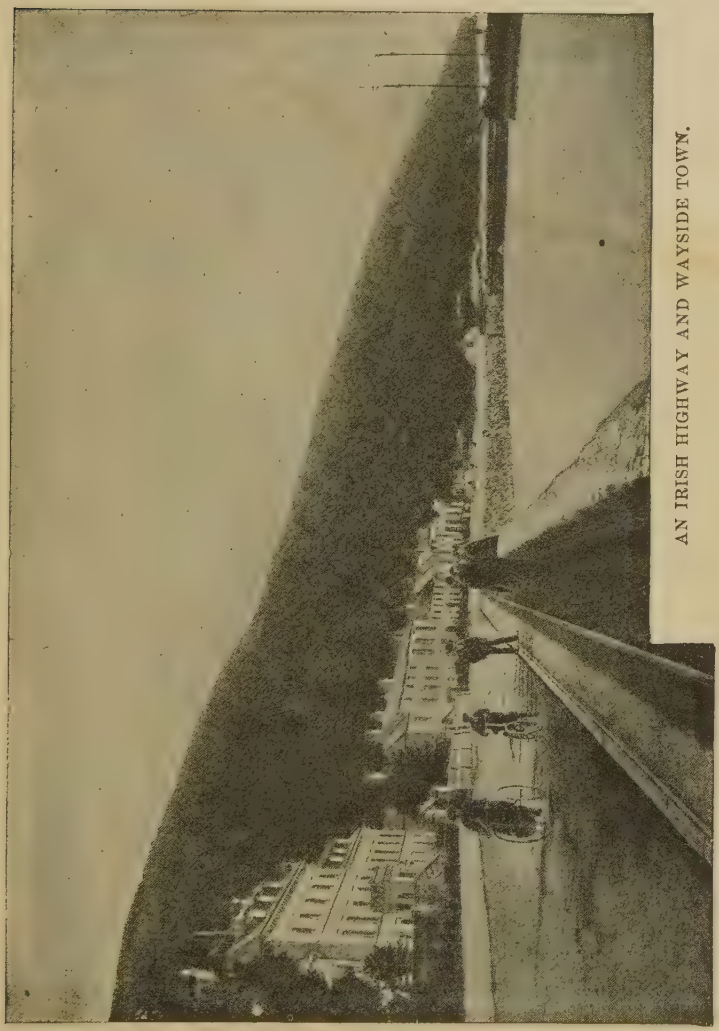
THE ANCIENT IRISH.

In olden times Ireland was ruled by a king. assisted by several chiefs. The Island was divided into provinces, and these were inhabited by tribes or clans, each having its chief. The land was held in common by all the members of the tribe. They did very little farming, but devoted most of their time to raising cattle, sheep and horses. Their cattle were their most valued possessions.

They lived in little villages on the islands in the lakes, or on the hill-sides. Their houses were made of wood and not much larger than the huts of the peasants of to-day. Walls of earth or stone were built about the houses as a means of defense, for these tribes were always at war with each other.

They called their land Erin, which the English changed to Ireland. They had a language of their own, which is still spoken in some parts of the country, but English has now become the language of the country.

The cavins, cromlechs, pillar stones, round towers, dunes or defenses of stone, and stone-roofed buildings, which are found scattered throughout the country, are the remains of these ancients. Among these are great numbers of round or oval structures of earth and stone, called bee-hive houses. There are curious buildings built of long thin stones arranged in layers, overlapping one another. Some of them are in clusters underground.



AN IRISH HIGHWAY AND WAYSIDE TOWN.

AN OLD CUSTOM.

In small villages where the only events of importance are weddings or funerals it is customary to hold a wake at the home of the dead person the night or nights before the burial. The term means to watch and is the watching of a dead body all night by the friends and neighbors of the deceased.

The custom no doubt originated in a superstitious fear of passing the night alone with a dead body or of its being interfered with by evil spirits.

The Irish peasant's ambition is to have a decent funeral and a fine wake, and he economizes and saves for years to secure money for this purpose. He lays aside good garments in which to array his body for burial, in order that his friends may not have to purchase them.

After death the body is laid on a table or bed, dressed in white linen. Black ribbons are added if an adult, white if unmarried, and flowers if a child. Lighted candles are placed around the body.

The friends all come, for to stay away would be to show disrespect for the dead. The house is always crowded.

Benches, stools and chairs are borrowed for the occasion and food and drink provided for the entertainment of guests. The old women of the neighborhood are given the most comfortable seats near the fireplace and provided with snuff and pipes.

After the people have gathered at the home, they sit about the room containing the corpse, chatting, and exchange remarks about the dead friend until the mourners arrive. The women of the household then gather around and the mourning begins.

After a season of wailing an old woman speaks of the virtues of the dead and these remarks are followed by more weeping on the part of relatives and friends.

About midnight refreshments are passed. These usually consist of bread, butter and tea, and whiskey, wine and porter. As the wake may be continued for three or four nights before the funeral takes place, the expense of entertainment is a heavy tax on the poor family.

It was formerly the custom for professional mourners, called "keeners," to attend wakes, and in a few out of the way villages this is still customary. The keener is usually an old woman who has a gift for speaking, chanting or wailing loudly, and is paid for her services. She leads the mourners, wailing loudest of all. She sings a dirge describing the virtues of the departed. During this chant or song she keeps up a swaying motion of the body, at the foot of the corpse.

At intervals she breaks out into a shrill cry or wail in which she is joined by others.

THE BLARNEY STONE.

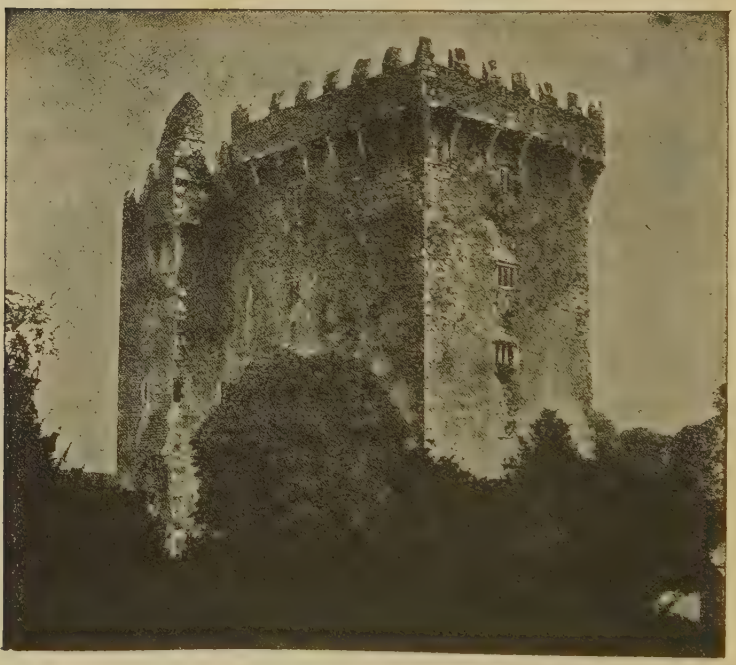
Five miles from Cork is the busy little town of Blarney. There are cloth factories here which give employment to the people, but it is not these we came to see. It is Blarney Castle, of which we have heard so much.

The old castle stands on the side of a hill, on the river Au-Martin. The castle is covered with ivy, and surrounded by beautiful grounds shaded with trees. Only a part of the castle is standing. The rest is in ruins.

This castle is said to contain a stone that will give to any one who kisses it the gift of words. The Irish

poet, Father Prout, has written some verses about it which tell that

There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh, he never misses
To grow eloquent.



BLARNEY CASTLE.

The stone is at the top of the tower, but so far down the side of the wall as to discourage all but very venturesome people. The only way to kiss the stone is to hang by the heels from the top of the tower.

It seems to us that the Blarney Stone might better

be sent to some other country. The Irish people do not need it, for they are the readiest, wittiest and most eloquent talkers in the world.

MANUFACTURES.

We would like to visit some of the manufacturing towns, but time will not permit. The people tell us that the model town of Ireland, and of the world as well, is Bessbrook in Armagh. It is a woolen manufacturing town, and four thousand people are employed there. The remarkable thing about this town is that there are no saloons, poor-house, police station, and no pauper or policeman is to be found in the place.

The seat of flannel industry is at Wicklow, and that of blankets at Kilkenny. More than 300,000 persons are employed in the making of lace and sewed muslin, carried on largely in Ulster, Munster and Connaught. Aside from these and the linen mills we have visited, Ireland has not many manufactories. There is one more, however, and that is the china works at Selleck, which produce a fine china. Selleck is one of the cleanest and prettiest towns in Ireland.

EMIGRATION.

Wherever we go we find the people interested in America. Many of their friends and relatives are there, and some day they hope to join them. Many are the questions they ask us in regard to opportunities for making a living and homes for themselves in the States. The Irish people believe their poverty is largely due to the unjust laws of the English govern-

ment; that Ireland ought to be a manufacturing and ship building country because of its fine harbors, millions of acres of peat fuel, and advantages in the way of transportation. England has always wished to keep it an agricultural country in spite of its poor soil. Ireland is only about as large as the State of Maine, but has a population of almost 5,000,000. The most of these people depend wholly upon the product of the soil, and it can not support so many, and pay the high rents in addition to the taxes imposed by England.

We have seen that there are few large industries and manufactories to give work to the people. This condition is largely due to misgovernment.

The best thing then for Ireland and the Irish people is for emigration to continue. In some of the poor homes about Cork we find preparations being made for the departure of the younger members of the family for America or Australia. The old people are too feeble to seek work or make new homes in a foreign land.

In the streets of Cork we see many other emigrants, who have come in from other parts of the country. Some of these will go over on our own boat as "steerage passengers."

We are told that in the last half century more than 5,000,000 people have emigrated to the United States, Canada and Australia. The population of Ireland in 1847 was 8,000,000, while it now numbers less than 5,000,000. On inquiry as to the cause of this we are told of a terrible famine that occurred in 1846 and 1847.

THE FAMINE.

The great famine which began in 1846 was due to the failure of the potato crop. This crop, which promised well, was stricken with a deadly blight and

THE FLOWER OF ERIN.

in a few days the potatoes in the fields were decayed and unfit for use. In many parts of the country the

people depended almost entirely upon this product for food. When it failed, starvation faced them.

The government and people in England and America sent aid as soon as possible. Soup kitchens were established, and storehouses, where food could be distributed to the starving people. The workhouses were filled to overflowing, and sheds were built to shelter the overflow.

But in spite of the money and provisions that were poured into the country, thousands and thousands of the people died of starvation before the provisions sent for the relief of these people were taken across the country in carts and stored in places where they could be distributed to those who applied for aid. It was necessary for armed soldiers to accompany the relief supplies, else the food would have been taken by the hungry people long before it reached the storehouses.

As the cart loads of provisions went by, the starving peasants came out of their cottages and begged for just a few grains of corn or a handful of meal to keep them alive a little longer. Some were so weak for want of food that they could not go to the storehouses or soup kitchens, and fell dead by the roadside. Sometimes whole families would be found dead, lying upon the floors of their cottages. Some of the kind-hearted landlords offered to pay the passage to America or the colonies of numbers of those in want, and many accepted the offer. Those who found homes in the new country soon secured employment, and their first earnings found their way back to Ireland to help their relatives and friends to follow them.

OUR LAST DAYS.

The traveller hears so little of the attractions of Ireland that on visiting the country for the first time he is not prepared for the great beauty of its scenery. He is constantly being surprised at the changes that meet his view. One day's journey may reveal lofty mountains and silvery lakes; another brings lovely valleys and fertile fields; and still another day's travel

DONEGAL CASTLE.

shows wild and desolate stretches of bog land. But each hour is full of interest, and no one can visit the Emerald Isle without wishing to return and see anew its beauties.

One hears much of the want and misery of the people and their wretched homes, but little of the many grand old castles, magnificent country homes,

splendid estates and fine gardens to be found in many parts of the country. Yet these latter add much to the beauty and interest of our journey through Ireland.

Great riches and the most extreme poverty are to be found side by side, yet one finds as hearty and hospitable a reception in the hut as in the mansion, and friendly faces and hands everywhere. It is hard to discover why there should be so much poverty in this beautiful island. The landlord blames the tenant and the tenant blames the landlord and the government.

A WELL-TO-DO PEASANT'S HOME

One estate will often show farms that are well cultivated and productive, while others plainly show neglect and shiftlessness on the part of the tenant or farmer. The landlord says that the farmers or tenants who are always complaining of hard times and misfortune are those who will not take the trouble to enrich the soil and cultivate it properly, or save their means.

The tenants say that if improvements are made on the farms the landlord always raises the rent and asks more than the land is worth or can be made to produce. When we ask the peasant farmers why they do not have better houses and make their homes attractive by planting trees and shrubs about them, they tell us that it is useless, and for this reason: When they rent their farms they are obliged to build their own houses. If they build good houses and make improvements about their places and are then obliged to leave them because they cannot pay the rent, the labor is all lost.

The landlord tells us that many of the people do not care for better houses, and would not take proper care of them if they had them, or become good farmers or workmen under the best of circumstances. The peasants insist that this is not true, that all they want is a fair chance; and they point with pride to the Irish people who have emigrated to other lands and become prosperous and eminent citizens.

QUEENSTOWN.

Twelve miles down the river from Cork lies Queenstown, the port from which we sail for home. Steamers between the United States and Liverpool stop there to land and receive passengers and mails. Most of the Irish people who emigrate embark here, and so that wharf is always an interesting place to visit.

We find Queenstown harbor, at Cork, a very fine one, well protected by strong batteries. It is the only naval station on the Irish coast, and it is said

that the whole British navy might find shelter from storms there. The city is built on terraces on the side of a hill. The streets are not attractive, for the shops and hotels are at the foot of the hill. The fine homes are built high up on the terraces.

ERIN, FAREWELL.

The streets and wharf are crowded with tourists, and sailors just landed from some ship in the harbor. They are doing some sight-seeing while the vessels lie

in port, but in a few hours must board the departing vessels. There are hosts of beggars, too, who haunt Queenstown in the hope of receiving coins from the tourists who visit the place. And then there are the emigrants and their friends patiently awaiting the departure of the boats.

It is a sad sight to witness the separation of these from their families. Many of them will never see each other again and their cries and grief are heart-breaking. But once on their way the tears of the departing ones are soon dried, and they are their old, bright, rollicking selves once more. For are they not to return in a few years with a fortune? And how much they mean to do for the old father and mother left behind. Their very first wages will be sent back to make the old home comfortable for those who must stay. And how pleased and proud their parents will be in telling of their great good fortune. So with hopeful eyes they look forward.

COME BACK TO ERIN.

Words and Music by CLARIBEL. Arr. by C. W. B.

1. Come back to E - rin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen, Come back, aroon, to the
2. O - ver the green sea, Mavourneen, Mavourneen, Long shone the white sail that
3. O may the an-gels while wak-in' or sleep-in' Watch o'er my bird in the

D. C.–Come back to E - rin, etc.

land of thy birth; Come with the shamrocks and springtime, Mavourneen,
bore thee a - way; Rid - ing the white waves, that fair summer mornin',
land far a - way, And in its pray'rs will consign to their keep-in'

FINE.

And it's Killarney shall ring with our mirth. Sure when ye left us, our
Just like a may-flow'r a-float on the bay. O how my heart sank when
Care o'er my jew-el by night and by day. When by the fire-side I

beau - ti - ful darling, Lit - tle we tho't of the lone winter days; Lit-tle we
clouds came between us, Like a gray curtain the night fallin' down. Hid from my
watch the bright embers, Then all my heart flies away o'er the sea, Long-in' to

D. C.

tho't of the hush of the sunshine, Over the mountains, the bluffs and the bays! Then
sad eyes thy path on the ocean, Far, far away where my colleen had flown. Then
know if my darlin' remembers, Or if her tho'ts may be crossin' to me. Then

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